

From the Spectator.

CATLIN'S NOTES IN EUROPE.*

IN his former volumes, Mr. Catlin gave an account of his own rambles among the yet remaining tribes of Red Indians; intermingling accounts of the history, character, and condition of the Indian tribes with the autobiographical narrative of his adventures, and the incidents that occurred in forming his collection of curiosities and portraits of chiefs and "braves." His *Notes in Europe* continue the subject, with no other difference than arises from circumstances. Instead of the difficulties of forming his collection, we have now the troubles of conveying and the excitement of exhibiting it. The "noble savage" is transported from the wilderness to the populous cities of England and France, without much gain to the romance of his character, but without much loss, in comparison to civilized men. The chiefs are no longer the sole objects; Queen Victoria, King Louis Philippe, the royal families, and the fashionable world, divide the crown; but in the speechful encounter with educated Europe the Red Indian maintains his preëminence as an orator. Measured against the great masterpieces of art, the spontaneous thanks of these Red men may not go for much, on account of the smallness of the occasion; but the matter was appropriate, the spirit fresh, and though the form is odd, the whole looks natural against the good-natured conventionalisms of fashion "saying something proper."

It may be in the recollection of persons who give their attention to public amusements, that Mr. Catlin opened his Indian Gallery in 1840; and that after exciting the attention of London, the proprietor started on a provincial tour. When he was at Manchester, meditating a return to America, a party of the Ojibbeways arrived in this country on a speculation; and their importer, a Mr. Rankin, made an arrangement with Mr. Catlin for the Indians to exhibit in his gallery, under his superintendence and lectureship. When Mr. Rankin thought he had picked up enough to be able to assume the manager himself, he separated from Mr. Catlin, who again thought of returning to America; but a party of Iowa Indians, a more primitive tribe from the confines of the Rocky Mountains, arrived in the nick of time. Another arrangement was made with their importer. Mr. Catlin exhibited them in London, travelled with them through England and Scotland, next carried them to Dub-

lin, and finally to Paris. The narrative of these volumes embraces Mr. Catlin's story from his quitting New York with his collection and a couple of grisly bears, through all his Anglican and Gallic experiences, until he settled quietly down at his atelier in Paris to paint commissions for Louis Philippe. The substance of the narrative consists of the characteristics of his bears and his right-hand man Daniel; his observations on fashionable life and royal personages; the conduct and ideas of his public audiences; and above all, the impressions which Europe and Europeans made on the minds of the Indians, with their behavior and discourse in the different situations into which they were thrown.

Like his *Letters on the North American Indians*, Mr. Catlin's present work is somewhat literal in character and diffuse in style. It has also a tendency to the minute in description, which, though not fatiguing, because of the simplicity and unflagging animal spirits of the author, is yet unattractive. When we look at the opportunities Mr. Catlin possessed, and the novelty of many of the circumstances in which he was placed, a better book might have been expected. Besides that the minute and the literal predominate too much, the observer often seems not to penetrate to the core of what was passing before his eyes; and he shows a shade too much of the court chronicler in his minglings with the great. At the same time, his minuteness is so obviously natural and in good faith, that when the subject bears a full exhibition or a literal report his fulness conveys a matter-of-fact reality. On the other hand, when it is trivial the author becomes flat. The worst example of this both in point of literature and taste is a series of stories about some foolish woman who had a penchant for one of each set of Indians; and Mr. Catlin tells of the attendances and conversations of "the jolly fat dame" *usque ad nauseam*. This idle stuff is indeed a great blot in the book, and should have been omitted altogether.

In spite of such blemishes, however, the volumes are real, readable, and amusing. The troubles with the bears during the voyage, on their arrival at Liverpool, and in their railway journey, are often very laughable. The determined enterprising character of Mr. Catlin, and his energy in the planning and conduct of his exhibition, are autobiographical. Mr. Augustus Murray, the traveller and novelist, was an old Prairie acquaintance of Mr. Catlin; and he comes out as active and determined in forwarding the interests of his former companion of the far West, among the fashionable world and with royalty, as he was in traversing the West itself; the masquerade at Almack's as Indian chiefs is quite a scene. The sketches of

* Catlin's Notes of Eight Years' Travel and Residence in Europe, with his North American Indian Collection. With Anecdotes and Incidents of the Travels and Adventures of three different Parties of American Indians whom he introduced to the Courts of England, France, and Belgium. In two volumes. With numerous Illustrations.

society are indifferent; but, luckily, they are few. The interviews with royalty derive their attraction from their subject. The traits of John Bull at the exhibitions often seem much exaggerated. The great interest of the book is the Indians. The isolated few, who have hitherto come to Europe at different times, were persons who had travelled hither with men of knowledge and position, or half-castes who smack of the adventurer, or stray savages of whom little has been published. The Indians of Mr. Catlin were a community, with chiefs and several classes; and though perhaps not of the most chivalrous kind of Red Indians, or they would not have come hither to exhibit themselves, they were a genuine article, and no further sophisticated than by acquaintance with the whites.

Both Ojibbeways and Ioways were frequently beset by religious persons who wished to convert them. At first they tried the excuse of the Roman proconsul, "At a more convenient season I will hear thee." When this failed, they listened with their wonted gravity and politeness; replying in speeches which, whatever may be thought of the theology, were by no means deficient in something more than the *tu quoque*.

My friends, we feel thankful for the information and advice which you come to give us; for we know that you are good men and sincere, and that we are like children, and stand in need of advice.

We have listened to your words, and have no fault to find with them. We have heard the same words in our own country, where there have been many white people to speak them, and our ears have never been shut against them.

We have tried to understand white man's religion, but we cannot—it is *medicine* to us, and we think we have no need of it. Our religion is simple, and the Great Spirit who gave it to us has taught us all how to understand it. We believe that the Great Spirit made our religion for us, and white man's religion for white men. Their sins we believe are much greater than ours, and perhaps the Great Spirit has thought it best therefore to give them a different religion.

This was the view of the Ojibbeways. At Glasgow the patience of the Ioways was exhausted, and even Indian politeness gave way.

They were introduced to the Indians and their object explained by Jeffrey. The war-chief then said to them, as he was sitting on the floor in a corner of the room, that he did not see any necessity of their talking at all; for all they would have to say they had heard from much more intelligent-looking men than they were, in London and in other places, and they had given their answers at full length, which *Chippewola* [Mr. Catlin] had written all down.

"Now, my friends," said he, "I will tell you, that when we first came over to this country, we thought that where you had so many preachers, so many to read and explain the good book, we should find the white people all good and sober people; but as we travel about we find this was all a mistake. When we first came over we thought that white man's religion would make all people good, and we then would have been glad to talk with you; but now we cannot say that we like to do it any more. * * * * *

"My friends, I am willing to talk with you if it can do any good to the hundreds and thousands of poor and hungry people that we see in your streets every day when we ride out. We see hundreds of little children with their naked feet in the snow; and we pity them, for we know they are hungry, and we give them money every time we pass by them. In four days we have given twenty dollars to hungry children—we give our money only to children. We are told that the fathers of these children are in the houses where they sell fire-water, and are drunk, and in their words they every moment abuse and insult the Great Spirit. You talk about sending *black-coats* among the Indians; now we have no such poor children among us; we have no such drunkards, or people who abuse the Great Spirit. Indians dare not do so. They pray to the Great Spirit, and he is kind to them. Now we think it would be better for your teachers all to stay at home, and go to work right here in your own streets, where all your good work is wanted. This is my advice. I would rather not say any more." (To this all responded "*How, how, how!*")

The rags, the hungry looks, and the begging in the streets, as they daily rode through them, made a great impression upon the Indians, and seemed to neutralize in their minds the advantages of civilization; whose best points it is possible that they might undervalue or disregard, from the simplicity of their habits. The four things that made the most striking and doubtless the most enduring impression on their minds were the cathedral churches, (especially York cathedral,) railway travelling, a cotton-mill, and a London brewery. The cotton-mill was perhaps the most surprising.

I had received an invitation to bring them to Stockport, to examine the cotton-mill of Mr. Orrell, which is probably one of the finest in the kingdom; and availed myself of his kindness, by making a visit to it with them. With his customary politeness, he showed us through it, and explained it in all its parts; so that the Indians, as well as myself, were able to appreciate its magnitude, and its ingenious construction.

Upon this giant machine the Indians looked in perfect amazement; though it is a studied part of their earliest education not to exhibit surprise or emotion at anything, however mysterious or incomprehensible it may be. There was enough, however, in the symmetry of this wonderful construction, when in full operation, to overcome the rules of any education that would subdue the natural impulses of astonishment and admiration. They made no remarks, nor did they ask any questions, but listened closely to all the explanations; and, in their conversations for weeks afterwards, admitted their bewildering astonishment at so wonderful a work of human invention.

At Paris they went, among other places, to the dog-market.

There was every sort of whelp and cur that could be found in Christendom, from the veriest minimum of dog to the stateliest mastiff and Newfoundland; and at Jim and the Doctor's approach hundreds of them barked and howled, many broke their strings, some laid upon their backs and yelled, (no doubt, if one could have understood their language,) that they never saw before in their lives so ill-looking and frightful a couple, and so alarming a set as those

who were following behind them. Jim wanted to buy; and the business-meaning of his face being discovered, there were all sorts of offers made him, and every kind of pup protruded into his face; but the barking of dogs was such that no one could be heard, and then many a poor dog was knocked flat with a broom, or whatever was handiest, and others were choked to stop their noise. No one wanted to stand the din of this canine Bedlam longer than was necessary for Jim to make his choice; which the poor fellow was endeavoring to do with the greatest despatch possible. His mode was rather different from the ordinary mode of testing the qualities he was looking for, which was by feeling of the ribs; and having bargained for one that he thought would fit him, the lookers-on were somewhat amused at his choice. He made them understand by his signs that they were going to eat it; when the poor woman screamed out, "Diable! mange pas, mange pas! venez, venez, ma pauvre bête!"

Franconi had talked of engaging the Indians on condition that they "were good riders;" and when they visited him a trial was made, but with an unsatisfactory result.

The horse was led into the area and placed upon the track for their chariot races, which is nearly a quarter of a mile in circumference; and the question being put, "Who will ride?" it was soon agreed that Jim should try it first. "Wal, me try em," said Jim; "me no ride good, but me try em little." He was already prepared, with his shield and quiver upon his back, and his long and shining lance in his hand. The horse was held; though, with all its training, it was some time, with its two or three grooms about it, before they could get the frightened creature to stand steady enough for Jim to mount. In the first effort which they thought he was making to get on, they were surprised to find that he was ungirthing the saddle, which he flung upon the ground, and throwing his buffalo robe across the animal's back and himself astride, the horse dashed off at his highest speed. Jim saw that the animal was used to the track; and the course being clear, he leaned forward and brandished his lance, and every time he came round and passed us sounded a charge in the shrill notes of the war-whoop. The riding was pleasing, and surprised M. Franconi exceedingly; and when he thought it was about time to stop, he gave his signal for Jim to pull up; but seeing no slack to the animal's pace, and Jim still brandishing his weapons in the air, and sounding the war-whoop as he passed, he became all at once alarmed for the health of his horse. The Indians at this time were all in a roar of laughter; and the old gentleman was placing himself and his men upon the track as Jim came round with uplifted arms, to try to stop the animal's speed, just finding at that time that Jim had rode in the true prairie style, without using the bridle, and which, by his neglect of it, had got out of his reach when he would have used it to pull up with. Jim still dashed by them, brandishing his lance as they came in his way; when they retreated and ran to head him in another place, he there passed them also, and passed them and menaced them again and again as he came around. The alarm of the poor old gentleman for the life of his horse became very conspicuous; and, with additional efforts with his men and a little pulling up by Jim, who had at length found the rein, the poor affrighted and half-dead

animal was stopped, and Jim, leaping off, walked to the middle of the area, where we were in a group, laughing to the greatest excess at the fun. The poor horse was near done over, and led away by the grooms. M. Franconi came and merely bade us good-bye, and was exceedingly obliged to us.

From the Examiner.

Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, F. R. S., Secretary to the Admiralty in the Reigns of Charles II. and James II. With a Life and Notes. By RICHARD LORD BRAYBROOKE. The third edition, considerably enlarged. Vol. I. Colburn.

THE possessors of the two first editions of *Pepys' Diary* will have strong reason to complain, if the additions, which are here made to that celebrated and most entertaining book, are not placed within their reach by a separate and independent publication. Lord Braybrooke, with whom the responsibility of the original omission rests, and who has consented to the restoration with evident reluctance, talks slightly, in his present preface, of the value of the matter restored. "It cannot," he says, "be expected to be of the same historical value as the portions originally published; nor would it, indeed, be reasonable to anticipate such a result, unless the editorial duties had, in the first instance, been performed in a most careless manner." We are sorry to say that there is a worse fault in an editor than carelessness. There may be a very presumptuous over-care; a too peremptory habit of assuming the excellence of one's own judgment, and exercising it too freely. This we regret to have to charge Lord Braybrooke with. His second thought condemns his first. Out of what he now replaces in this famous *Diary*, we judge him for what he formerly omitted, and have no confidence in him for what he continues to suppress. He tells us he has now inserted every passage in its proper place, "with the exception, only, of such entries as were devoid of the slightest interest, and many others, of so indelicate a character, that no one with a well-regulated mind will regret their loss." The "indelicatey" we have nothing to say about; but Lord Braybrooke has not satisfied us that he can properly estimate the various degrees of "interect" which may attach to such a work as *Pepys' Diary*.

"Some persons even assumed," he says in the preface to the volume before us, "that the most entertaining passages had been excluded" from the former editions; and he seems triumphantly to imply, (with an odd sort of pride for an editor,) that his restorations, by their dulness, will sufficiently rebut the assumption. But we say, on the contrary, that by their liveliness they justify it. We pronounce them, without hesitation, entitled to rank with "the most entertaining passages." Lord Braybrooke has given us no help in the comparison, it is true; having as scrupulously avoided any indication of what is new in the volume, as he refuses the least clue to the pages

where suppression is still practised, (both utterly unjustifiable steps in an editor, placed as Lord Braybrooke now is;) but we have been at some pains to compare the editions, and can, with tolerable accuracy, state the result. We should say that upwards of a third of the present volume is entirely new. The restorations, often very considerable, occur in almost every page. They are chiefly (not always, as in the curious descriptions connected with the expedition to bring Charles the Second to England) of private and domestic matters; but this constitutes their charm, and even—with deference to Lord Braybrooke—their “historical value.”

Pepys' contribution to history is *sui generis*. It is the inextricable blending of little and great that makes its peculiar worth. His public news would be nothing without his court scandal, and his talk of the king's measures, without the king's mistresses, would be quite incomplete. Who would care for his odd moralizings on the downfall of parties, if the changes in his own silk suit and silver-buttoned black camlet cloak, did not occupy as much of his care; and what would anybody give for his diligent attendances at his office, or upon public men, if he had not quite as diligently attended every play, wedding, christening, charity sermon, bull-baiting, execution, fire, riot, concert, book-stall, city feast, merry-making, philosophical meeting, and high jinks or low jinks celebration, going on within his reach? You cannot separate the public and private, the historical and domestic, in *Pepys' Diary*. You must judge of them together; and be content to receive from them, if not the most critically exact impression of any given public event, by far the most correct general idea of private manners and habits in those days, colored with the richest traits of the moving comedy of life, and reflecting, with astonishing force and graphic truth, the most minute local peculiarities of the actual existence of our countrymen two centuries ago.

Our extracts (to which, for the present, we shall chiefly restrict ourselves, reserving further remark for the next volume, already announced for immediate publication) shall be invariably taken from the new matter. This, however, though enabling the reader, in some respect, to judge of its value, will not always help him to a thoroughly correct estimate; for we cannot quote the old matter and the new too; and it is in the curious juxtaposition of passages, that very much of Pepys' amusement, and even interest, lies. Our first extract is, in some sort, an illustration of this, and others will follow. Pepys is in Westminster Hall:—

Saw the heads of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton, set up at the further end of the hall. I went by coach to the playhouse at the theatre. Our coach in King street breaking, and so took another. Here we saw Argalus and Parthenia, which I lately saw, but though pleasant for the dancing and singing, I do not find good for any wit or design therein.

Why should the editor have stopped, in his former editions, at the exhibition of Cromwell's head, and not given us the play-house entertainment that followed?

Why, in the very first mention of Pepys' great object of gossip and admiration, Lady Castlemaine, (Madame Palmer,) should the last six words have been squeamishly omitted?

Late writing letters; great doings of musique at the next house, which was Whally's; the King and Dukes there with Madame Palmer, a pretty woman that they had a fancy to, to make her husband a cuckold.

Why should Lord Braybrooke have been so tender of the reputation of Pepys' cousin, Lord Sandwich, as to suppress this couple of lines?

Dined with my Lord, whom I find plainly to be a sceptic in all things of religion, but to be a perfect stoic.

Why so chary of the general reputation of bishops as to gag poor Pepys for what he had already prayed God might forgive him—blabbing a bit of irreverent gossip against a right-reverend of the Restoration?

7th. By water to White Hall, and thence to Westminster, and staid at the Parliament-door long to speak with Mr. Coventry, which vexed me. Thence to the Lord's House, and stood within the House, while the Bishops and Lords did stay till the Chancellor's coming, and then we were put out; and they to prayers. There comes a Bishop; and while he was rigging himself, he bid his man listen at the door, whereabouts in the prayers they were; but the man told him something, but could not tell whereabouts it was in the prayers, nor the Bishop, neither, but laughed at the conceit; so went in: but, God forgive me! I did tell it by and by to people, and did say that the man said that they were about something of saving their souls, but could not tell whereabouts in the prayers that was.

In a word, let us say that there is hardly a passage restored, which does not, in some entertaining way or other, throw light that we would not willingly lose, either upon the character of Pepys himself, or upon incidents and peculiarities of the age. His gradual ascent in the world, his own amusing notices of it, and the little peculiarities of temper, and sacrifices to social dignity, which a little dashed his interviews with his poorer relatives, in the early part of his life, have never been perfectly revealed to us till now. His sister, it seems, wanted very much to live with him when he was getting up in the world, but he had objections:

My father and I discoursed seriously about my sister's coming to live with me, and yet I am much afraid of her ill-nature. I told her plainly my mind was to have her come not as a sister but as a servant, which she promised me that she would, and with many thanks did weep for joy.

She comes, and he puts his determination into effect.

Home to dinner, where I found Pall (my sister)

was come; but I do not let her sit down at table with me, which I do at first that she may not expect it hereafter from me. To Mr. George Montagu about the business of election, and he did give me a piece in gold; so to my Lord's, and got the chest of plate brought to the Exchequer, and my brother Spicer put into his treasury. I took a turne in the Hall, and bought the King and Chancellor's speeches at the dissolving the Parliament last Saturday.

It is evident they do not agree, however, though Pall does always her share of work, and, when the old servant goes away, does all of it till the new one comes. So, at last, Pall is sent off altogether, "in the wagon," and "crying exceedingly."

A new maid, the readers of Pepys do not require to be told, was an object of some interest, and of very opposite tastes to that gentleman and his wife.

10th. This morning came the mayde that my wife hath lately hired for a chamber-mayde. She is very ugly, so that I cannot care for her, but otherwise she seems very good. To the theatre—"The Merry Devill of Edmuntoun," a very merry play, the first time I ever saw it, which pleased me well.

The dramatic notices in the restored passages are abundant, and often very curious contributions to the history of the stage. We take a few, for the suppression of which we cannot divine a reason that would not equally have applied to the suppression of the whole *Diary*. Mr. Pepys had early taken special occasion to speak of being "troubled in mind that I cannot bring myself to mind my business, but to be so much in love of plays," and this, too, for the same inexplicable reason, Lord Braybrooke suppressed.

Pepys is not a very reliable dramatic critic, as his friends already know; but his notices have amusing points in them.

28th. To the theatre, and there saw "Argalus and Parthenia," where a woman acted Parthenia, and come afterwards on the stage in men's clothes, and had the best legs that ever I saw, and I was very well pleased with it. Thence to the King's ale-house, and thither sent for a belt-maker, and bought of him a handsome belt for second mourning, which cost me 24s., and is very neat.

Beaumont and Fletcher were in the heyday of popularity then, but Pepys could go against the fashion, and we have always the satisfaction of feeling that he forms his opinion for himself.

9th. Creed and I to Whitefriars to the Playhouse, and saw "The Mad Lover," the first time I ever saw it acted, which I like pretty well.

10th. (Lord's day.) Took physique all day, and, God forgive me, did spend it in reading of some little French romances. At night my wife and I did please ourselves talking of our going into France, which I hope to effect this summer.

Again, (we should like to have known Mr. Townsend—*Cockletop* was nothing to him):

6th. Among other things met with Mr. Townsend, who told of his mistake the other day, to put

both his legs through one of his knees of his breeches, and went so all day. Creed and I to Salsbury Court, and there saw "Love's Quarrell" acted the first time, but I do not like the design nor words.

The mere fact of attendance at the play in the following passage, was given in the early editions; but the amusing characteristic notices which go before and follow it, are now printed for the first time:

18th. Towards Westminster by water. I landed my wife at Whitefriars, with 5*l*. to buy her a petticoat, and my father persuaded her to buy a most fine cloth, of 26*s*. a yard, and a rich lace, that the petticoat will come to 5*l*.; but she doing it very innocently, I could not be angry. Captain Ferrers took me and Creed to the Cockpit play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea—"The Loyall Subject," where one Kinaston, a boy, acted the Duke's sister, was struck the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life. After the play done, we went to drink, and, by Captain Ferrers' means, Kinaston, and another that acted Archas the General, came and drank with us.

Some new theatrical notices are in the following, which, with the exception of the six lines about Cromwell and his associates, was struck bodily out of the early editions. Yet what can be more characteristic of Pepys than all the entries! His basting the servant girl with a broom—his anger at the sweet sauce with the leg of mutton—his fiddling till he goes to office—his trouble to get nothing by the "deadly number of pardons" he has been signing—and his taste for old Fuller while his wife is indulging in Great Cyrus—deserved, certainly, a better fate than wholesale suppression.

December 1st. This morning, observing some things to be laid up not as they should be by my girl, I took a broom and basted her till she cried extremely, which made me vexed; but, before I went out, I left her appeased. Went to my Lord St. Albans' lodgings, and found him in bed, talking to a priest, (he looked like one,) that leaned along over the side of the bed; and there I desired to know his mind about making the Katch stay longer, which I got ready for him the other day. He seems to be a fine, civil gentleman. There fell into our company old Mr. Flower and another gentleman, who did tell us how a Scotch knight was killed basely the other day at the Fleece in Covent Garden, where there had been a great many formerly killed.

2d. (Lord's day.) To church, and Mr. Mills made a good sermon; so home to dinner. My wife and I all alone to a leg of mutton, the sawce of which being made sweet, I was angry at it, and eat none, but only dined upon the marrow-bone that we had beside.

3d. I rose by candle, and spent my morning in fiddling till time to go to the office. Come in my cozen Snow by chance, and I had a very good capon to dinner. So to the office again till night, and so home, and then come Mr. Davis of Deptford, (the first time that ever he was at my house,) and after him Monsieur L'Impertinent, who is to go to Ireland to-morrow, and so come to take his leave of me. They both found me under the barber's

hand; but I had a bottle of good sack in the house, and so made them very wellcome.

4th. To the Duke of Yorke, and he tooke us into his closet, and we did open to him our project of stopping the growing charge of the Fleet, by paying them in hand one moyety, and the other four months hence. This he do like. This day the Parliament voted that the bodies of Oliver, Ireton, Bradshaw, and Thomas Pride, should be taken up out of their graves in the Abbey, and drawn to the gallows, and there hanged and buried under it; which (methinks) do trouble me that a man of so great courage as he was should have that dishonour, though otherwise he might deserve it enough.

5th. After dinner went to the New Theatre, and there I saw "The Merry Wives of Windsor" acted—the humours of the country gentleman and the French doctor very well done, but the rest but very poorly, and Sir J. Falstaffe as bad as any.

6th. To my Lord, who told me of his going out of town to-morrow to settle the militia in Huntingdonshire, and did desire me to lay up a box of some rich jewels and things that there [are] in it, which I promised to do. After much free discourse with my Lord, who tells me his mind as to his enlarging his family, &c., and desiring me to look him out a Master of the Horse, and other servants, we parted.

7th. To the Privy Seale, where I signed a deadly number of pardons, which do trouble me to get nothing by. I fell a-reading Fuller's History of Abbys, and my wife in Great Cyrus till twelve at night, and so to bed.

His dislike of the *Merry Wives* must pair off with his dislike of *Henry the Fourth*, his disgust with the *Midsummer's Night Dream*, and his condemnation of Webster's grand *White Devil*.

October 2d. We went to the theatre, but coming late, and sitting in an ill place, I never had so little pleasure in a play in my life, yet it was the first time that I ever saw it—"Victoria Cerombona." Methinks, a very poor play.

On the other hand, he seems to have approved of *Hamlet*; and notices, in one of the suppressed passages, that "above all Betterton did the Prince's part beyond imagination."

Here are other theatrical notices, very curious:

28th. Dined at home, and after dinner to Fleet Streete with my sword to Mr. Brigden (lately made Captain of the Auxiliaries,) to be refreshed, and with him to an ale-house, where I met Mr. Dampart, and after some talk of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw's bodies being taken out of their graves to-day, I went to Mr. Crew's, and thence to the theatre, where I saw again "The Lost Lady," which do now please me better than before; and here I sitting behind in a dark place, a lady spit backward upon me by a mistake, not seeing me; but after seeing her to be a very pretty lady, I was not troubled at it at all. At Mr. Holden's I bought a hat cost me 35s.

29th. To Southwark, and so over the fields to Lambeth, it being a most glorious and warm day even to amazement for this time of the year. My Lady gone with some company to see Hampton Court: so we went to Blackfryers, (the first time I ever was there since plays begun,) and there, after great patience, and little expectations from so poor beginnings, I saw three acts of "The mayd in ye Mill," acted to my great content. But it being late, I left the play, and by water through bridge

home, and so to Mr. Turner's house, where the Comptroller, Sir William Batten, and Mr. Davis, and their ladies; and here we had a most neat little but costly and genteel supper. After that, a great deal of impertinent mirth by Mr. Davis, and some catches, and so broke up and going away, Mr. Davis' eldest son took up my old Lady Slingsby in his armes, and carried her to the coach, and is said to be able to carry three the biggest men that were in the company, which I wonder at.

The first three lines of the entry subjoined, appeared in the early editions, but the subsequent lines, which are surely full of character, were suppressed:

19th. To the Comptroller's, and with him by coach to White Hall; in our way meeting Venner and Pritchard upon a sledge, who with two more Fifth Monarchy Men were hanged to-day, and the two first drawn and quartered. Went to the theatre, where I saw "The Lost Lady," which do not please me much. Here I was troubled to be seen by four of our office clerkes, which sat in the half-crowne box, and I in the 1s. 0d. From hence by linke, and bought two mouse-traps of Thomas Pepys, the Turner.

As in the theatre, so in the church, the growing dignity of Mr. Pepys was occasionally disturbed:

11th. (Lord's day.) To church in our new gallery, the first time it was used. There being no woman this day, we sat in the foremost pew, and behind our servants, and I hope it will not always be so, it not being handsome for our servants to sit so equal to us.

On the other hand he notes as scrupulously all his little social triumphs:

I was much contented to ride in such state into the Towre, and be received among such high company, while Mr. Mount, my Lady Duchesse's gentleman-usher, stood waiting at table, whom I ever thought a man so much above me in all respects: also to hear the discourse of so many high Cavaleers of things past. It was a great content and joy to me.

Again:

11th. To Graye's Inn, and there to a barber's, where I was trimmed, and had my haire cutt, in which I am lately become a little curious, finding that the length of it do become me very much.

He gets on so fast in honor and dignity, indeed, that he is often at a loss how to behave himself:

12th. With Colonel Slingsby and a friend of his, Major Waters (a deafe and most amorous melancholy gentleman, who is under a despayr in love, as the Colonel told me, which makes him bad company, though a most good-natured man,) by water to Redriffe, and so on foot to Deptford. . . . I went home with Mr. Davis, storekeeper, (whose wife is ill, and so I could not see her,) and was there most prince-like lodged, with so much respect and honour, that I was at a loss how to behave myself.

See how he still makes fashionable progress:

5th. This morning did give my wife 4l. to lay out upon lace and other things for herself. Sir W.

Pen and I went out with Sir R. Slingsby to bowles in his alley, and there had good sport. I took my flageolet, and played upon the leads in the garden, where Sir W. Pen come out in his shirt into his leads, and there we staid talking and singing and drinking great draughts of claret, and eating botargo and bread and butter, till twelve at night, it being moonshine; and so to-bed, very near fuddled.

But he pays for these indulgences, of course; and we have often entries to that effect. Lord Braybrooke had preserved some in the earlier editions much less amusing than this:

About the middle of the night I was very ill—I think with eating and drinking too much—and so I was forced to call the mayde, who pleased my wife and I in her running up and down so innocently in her smock.

Our closing extracts for the most part will sufficiently describe themselves. We had intended to preface them with a portion of a most amusing account of a half-official visit to the Chatham Dockyards, in the course of which Mr. Pepys met a young lady, the daughter of a Captain Allen, with whom he is so mightily smitten, and so successful in recommending himself, that nothing can equal the high spirits into which he is thrown—but the description is too long, and we do not like to abridge it.

We now quote almost at random. There is hardly a page, as we have said, that does not present new and quotable matter.

PALPABLE MUTTON.

6th. This morning Mr. Shepley and I did eat our breakfast at Mrs. Harper's (my brother John being with me) upon a cold turkey-pie and a goose. At my office, where we paid money to the soldiers till one o'clock; and I took my wife to my cosen, Thomas Pepys, and found them just sat down to dinner, which was very good; only the venison pasty was palpable mutton, which was not handsome.

ILL MANNERS.

Met with Purser Washington, with whom and a lady, a friend of his, I dined at the Bell Tavern in King street, but the rogue had no more manners than to invite me, and to let me pay my club.

MR. PEPYS MEETS MR. PRYNNE.

Our gentlemen and Mr. Prin dined together. I found Mr. Prin a good, honest, plain man, but in his discourse not very free or pleasant. Among all the tales that passed among us to-day, he told us of one Damford, that, being a black man, did scald his beard with mince-pie, and it came up again all white in that place, and continued to his dying day.

A DOMESTIC PICTURE.

My father did offer me six pieces of gold, in lieu of six pounds that he borrowed of me the other day, but it went against me to take of him, and therefore did not. Home and to bed, reading myself asleep, while the wench sat mending my breeches by my bedside.

A DINNER PARTY.

23rd. To Gresham Colledge, (where I never was before) and saw the manner of the house, and

found great company of persons of honour there: thence to my bookseller's, and for books, and to Stevens, the silversmith, to make clean some plate against to-morrow, and so home, by the way paying many little debts for wine and pictures, which is my great pleasure.

24th. There dined with me Sir William Batten and his lady and daughter, Sir W. Pen, Mr. Fox, (his lady being ill could not come) and Captain Cuttance: the first dinner I have made since I come hither. This cost me above 5/., and merry we were—only my chimney smokes. To bed, being glad that the trouble is over.

AFTER DINNER GAMES.

4th. To the tavern, where Sir William Pen, and the Comptroller, and several others were, men and women; and we had a very great and merry dinner; and after dinner the Comptroller begun some sports, among others, the naming of people round, and afterwards demanding questions of them that they are forced to answer their names to, which do make very good sport. And here I took pleasure to take forfeits of the ladies who would not do their duty by kissing of them: among others a pretty lady, who I found afterwards to be wife to Sir William Batten's son. We sat late, talking with my lady and others, and Dr. Whistler, who I found good company and a very ingenious man; so home and to bed.

ONE OF MR. PEPYS' LORD'S DAYS.

23rd. (Lord's day.) Come one from my father's with a black cloth coat, made of my short cloak, to walk up and down in. To the Abbey, where I expected to hear Mr. Baxter or Mr. Rowe preach their farewell sermon, and in Mr. Symons' pew I heard Mr. Rowe. Before sermon I laughed at the reader, who in his prayer desires of God that He would imprint his word on the thumbs of our right hands, and on the right great toes of our right feet. In the midst of the sermon, some plaster fell from the top of the Abbey, that made me and all the rest in our pew afraid, and I wished myself out. This afternoon, the King having news of the Princess being come to Margate, he and the Duke of York went down thither in barges to her. To the Hope Tavern, and sent for Mr. Chaplin, who with Nicholas Osborne and one Daniel come to us, and we drank off two or three quarts of wine, which was very good; the drawing of our wine causing a great quarrel in the house between the two drawers which should draw us the best, which caused a great deal of noise and falling out till the master parted them, and came up to us, and did give a long account of the liberty that he gives his servants, all alike, to draw what wine they will to please his customers; and [we] eat above 200 walnuts.

ANOTHER OF MR. PEPYS' "LORD'S DAYS."

5th. (Lord's day.) Mr. Creed and I went to the red-faced Parson's church, and heard a good sermon of him, better than I looked for. Anon we walked into the garden, and there played the fool a great while, trying who of Mr. Creed or I could go best over the edge of an old fountaine well, and I won a quart of sack of him. Then to supper in the banquet-house, and there my wife and I did talk high, she against and I for Mrs. Pierce, (that she was a beauty,) till we were both angry. Then to walk in the fields, and so to our quarters, and to bed.

From the Examiner.

Personal Recollections of the late Daniel O'Connell, M. P. By WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, Esq., of Kileascan, County Cork. Two vols. Chapman and Hall.

MR. O'NEILL DAUNT, who represented Mallow in the parliament elected in 1832, seems to have acted as Mr. O'Connell's private secretary during the latter years of his life, and was of course his disciple and ardent admirer. The book before us has no appearance of being "made up." We have no doubt it is quite genuine, as far as it goes. It extends over the sixteen years of the author's personal knowledge of O'Connell: a small section of O'Connell's life, and not the most important, though the most recent; but filled with characteristic features of the man. Mr. Daunt is a repealer of the moral-force school; zealous for the impracticable, eager after the unattainable, and as eloquently fluent as men who would storm the moon ought to be. But he is very clearly an honest, well-intentioned man; and has set down nothing in his book, we dare say, that he does not know or believe to be true.

There is a great deal that is pleasing and amusing in it. The author shows much cleverness and a fair spirit; and very little that is faulty either in judgment or good taste. We leave his impracticable opinions altogether out of the question; only remarking what a pity it is that O'Connell's shrewd, practical sense should not have had better employment in the latter years of his life than the misguidance of these young, honest, hot-headed followers. It is not the class of opinions to which "Repale" belongs that we find most prevalent in the *Personal Recollections*. Being a faithful report of the talk of a clever, well-informed, observant man of the world, repeal plays second fiddle to matters more entertaining. The volumes contain remarks often hit off with great felicity, some characteristic stories excellently told, and occasionally a dash of caricature quite pardonable for its humor. O'Connell's private talk has little of the excess of vituperation he was wont to indulge in publicly; or Mr. Daunt has discreetly pruned it.

But extracts convey the best notion of a book like this; any contrast or comparison of O'Connell's public life with his private habits or opinions not being called for here. We have very recently spoken of his public character and claims. The great act of his life was Catholic Emancipation, and its greatest service was that of restraining the propensities of his countrymen to violence. Even the writers of the *Nation* and *United Irishman* may shortly be expected to perceive the value of the doctrine, that within the law they have a power which recoils when they venture beyond it.

A COUNTRY PRIAR ON THE VETO.

He gave a humorous sketch of the mode in which a country friar had, in 1813, announced a meeting on the Veto:

"Now, *ma boughali*," said the friar, "you have n't got gumption, and should therefore be guided by

them that have. This meeting is all about the veto, d'ye see. And now, as none of ye know what the veto is, I'll just make it all as clear as a whistle to yez. The veto you see is a Latin word, *ma boughali*, and none of yez undherstands Latin. But I will let you know all the ins and outs of it, boys, if you'll only just listen to me now. The veto is a thing that—You see, boys, the veto is a thing that—the meeting on Monday is to be held about. (Here there were cheers, and cries of 'hear, hear!') The veto is a thing that—in short, boys, it's a thing that has puzzled wiser people than any of yez! In short, boys, as none of yez are able to comprehend the veto, I need n't take up more of your time about it now; but I'll give you this piece of advice, boys: just go to the meeting, and listen to Counsellor O'Connell, and just do whatever he bids yez, boys!"

TORY DAYS IN IRELAND.

Among other illustrations of the state of things in the good old days of tory rule, he recorded the fate of a poor half-witted creature called "Jack of the roads," who in the earlier part of the century used to run alongside of the Limerick coaches. "He once made a bet of fourpence and a pot of porter that he would run to Dublin from Limerick, keeping pace with the mail. He did so; and when he was passing through Mountrath on his return, on the 12th of July, 1807, or 1808, he flourished a green bough at a party of Orangemen who were holding their orgies. One of them fired at his face; his eyes were destroyed—he lingered and died—and there was an end of poor Jack."

"Was the ruffian who fired at him punished?"

"Oh, no! to punish such an offence as *that*, was not precisely the policy pursued by the government of that day. Well, blessed be God! things are better now."

A LESSON IN COW-STEALING.

We breakfasted at Mr. Clancy's house, at Charleville. Mr. O'Connell talked away for the amusement of the party who had assembled to meet him. "I was once," said he, "counsel for a cow-stealer, who was clearly convicted—the sentence was transportation for fourteen years. At the end of that time he returned, and happening to meet me, he began to talk about the trial. I asked him how he had always managed to steal the *fat* cows; to which he gravely answered: 'Why, then, I'll tell your honor the whole secret of that, sir. *Whenever your honor goes to steal a cow*, always go on the worst night you can, for if the weather is very bad, the chances are that nobody will be up to see your honor. The way you'll always know the fat cattle in the dark, is by this token—that the fat cows always stand out in the more exposed places—but the lean ones always go into the ditch for shelter.' So (continued O'Connell) I got that lesson in cow-stealing gratis from my worthy client."

A ROBBER OUTWITTED.

Passing a gravel-pit, O'Connell said, "That is the spot where Brennan, the robber was killed. Jerry Connor was going from Dublin to Kerry, and was attacked by Brennan at that spot. Brennan presented his pistol, crying 'Stand!'—'Hold!' cried Jerry Connor, 'don't fire—here's my purse.' The robber, thrown off his guard by these words, lowered his weapon, and Jerry, instead of a purse, drew a pistol from his pocket and shot Brennan in the chest. Brennan's back was supported at the time against the ditch, so he did not fall. He took

deliberate aim at Jerry, but feeling himself mortally wounded, dropped his pistol, crawled over the ditch, and walked slowly along, keeping parallel with the road. He then crept over another ditch, under which he was found dead the next morning."

OPINIONS OF PITT AND FOX.

"He struck me," said O'Connell, "as having the most majestic flow of language and the finest voice imaginable. He managed his voice admirably. It was from him I learned to throw out the lower tones at the close of my sentences. Most men either let their voice fall at the end of their sentences, or else force it into a shout or screech. This is because they end with the upper instead of the lower notes. Pitt knew better. He threw his voice so completely round the house, that every syllable he uttered was distinctly heard by every man in the house."

"Did you hear Fox in the debate of which you are speaking?" asked I.

"Yes—and he spoke delightfully; his speech was better than Pitt's. The forte of Pitt as an orator was majestic declamation, and an inimitable felicity of phrase. The word he used was always the very best word that could be got to express his idea. The only man I ever knew who approached Pitt in this particular excellence, was Charles Kendall Bushe, whose phrases were always admirably happy."

O'CONNELL'S FIRST BIG BOOK.

"The first big book I ever read," said he, "was Captain Cook's Voyage round the World. I read it with intense avidity. When the other children would ask me to play with them, I used to run away and take my book to the window, that is now converted into a press, in the housekeeper's room at Durrnane; there I used to sit with my legs crossed, tailor-like, devouring the adventures of Cook. His book helped to make me a good geographer—I took an interest in tracing out his voyages upon the map. That was in 1784. I don't think I ever met with a book that took a greater grasp of me—there used I to sit reading it, sometimes crying over it, whilst the other boys were playing."

O'CONNELL AND THE SHEARES.

"I travelled with them in the Calais packet to England in 1793. I left Douai on the 21st of January in that year, and arrived in Calais the very day the news arrived that the king and queen had been guillotined. The packet had several English on board, who all, like myself, seemed to have been made confirmed aristocrats by the sanguinary horrors of the revolution. They were talking of the execution of the king and queen, and execrating the barbarity of their murderers, when two gentlemen entered the cabin, a tall man and a low one—these were the two Sheares. Hearing the horrible doings at Paris spoken of, John Sheares said, 'We were at the execution.' 'Good Heaven!' exclaimed one of the Englishmen, 'how could you have got there?' 'By bribing two of the national guard to lend us their uniforms,' answered Sheares; 'we obtained a most excellent view of the entire scene.' 'But, in God's name, how could you endure to witness such a hideous spectacle?' resumed the Englishman. John Sheares answered energetically—I never can forget his manner of pronouncing the words—'*From love of the cause!*'"

O'CONNELL AND LEDRU-ROLLIN.

In the month of July, 1843, M. Ledru-Rollin, a

member of the French Chamber of Deputies, addressed to O'Connell a proffer of French assistance in working out the liberty of Ireland. M. Rollin professed, on the part of his confederates in France, strong sympathy with the peaceful nature of the Irish movement; but he more than hinted that his friends had an *arrière pensée* of affording military aid, should the British government seek, by unconstitutional violence, to coerce the Irish repealers. In a reply to this communication, read by O'Connell at the repeal association, he thus dealt with the offer of physical assistance:

"You, indeed, allude to another contingency, in which you may be disposed to be more active in our support. But that is a contingency which we decline to discuss, because we deem it impossible that it should arise, the British government having retracted every menace of illegal force and unjust violence; and confining its resistance to our claims—if it shall continue to resist those claims—within the ordinary channels of legalized administration."

O'Connell was too wise, too loyal, and too wary, to give the least encouragement to offers, direct or conditional, of foreign military assistance. Pecuniary aid he was glad to accept; it was in its nature quite safe, and it essentially helped to promote the agitation. The pecuniary gifts of America were generous and frequent. France gave nothing; and O'Connell was not disposed to value very highly the empty proffer of a species of help which required distinct and immediate repudiation in order to avert an embarrassing *démêlé* with the law. "I wonder," said he, one day, "whether there was anything *real* in Ledru's offer. Some fellows have such an enormous deal of balderdashical vanity about them, that it is not unlikely Ledru only meant to get a little notoriety."

A WITNESS TO CHARACTER.

The conversation turned upon legal practice in general, and the ingenious dexterities of roguish attorneys in particular. "The cleverest rogue in the profession that ever I heard of," said O'Connell, "was one Checkley, familiarly known by the name of 'Checkley-be-d——d.' Checkley was agent once at the Cork assizes, for a fellow accused of burglary and aggravated assault committed at Bantry. The noted Jerry Keller was counsel for the prisoner, against whom the charge was made out by the clearest circumstantial evidence; so clearly, that it seemed quite impossible to doubt his guilt. When the case for the prosecution closed, the judge asked if there were any witnesses for the defence. 'Yes, my lord,' said Jerry Keller, 'I have three briefed to me.' 'Call them,' said the judge. Checkley immediately bustled out of court, and returned at once, leading in a very respectable-looking, farmer-like man, with a blue coat and gilt buttons, scratch wig, corduroy tights, and gaiters. 'This is a witness to character, my lord,' said Checkley. Jerry Keller (the counsel) forthwith began to examine the witness. After asking him his name and residence, 'You know the prisoner in the dock?' said Keller. 'Yes, your honor, ever since he was a gorsoon!' 'And what is his general character?' said Keller. 'Ogh, the devil a worse!' 'Why, what sort of a witness is this you've brought!' cried Keller, passionately, flinging down his brief, and looking furiously at Checkley; 'he has ruined us!' 'He may prove an alibi, however,' returned Checkley; 'examine him to alibi as instructed in your brief.' Keller accordingly resumed his examination. 'Where was the prisoner on the 10th in-

stant?" said he. "He was near Castlemartyr," answered the witness. "Are you sure of that?" "Quite sure, counsellor!" "How do you know with such certainty?" "Because, upon that very night I was returning from the fair, and, when I got near my own house, I saw the prisoner a little way on before me—I'd swear to him anywhere. He was dodging about, and I knew it could be for no good end. So I slipped into the field, and turned off my horse to grass; and while I was watching the lad from behind the ditch, I saw him pop across the wall into my garden and steal a lot of parsneps and carrots; and, what I thought a great dale worse of—he stole a bran new English spade I had got from my landlord, Lord Shannon. So, faix, I cut away after him, but as I was tired from the day's labor, and he being fresh and nimble, I was n't able to catch him. But next day my spade was seen surely in his house, and that's the same rogue in the dock! I wish I had a houlth of him." "It is quite evident," said the judge, "that we must acquit the prisoner; the witness has clearly established an alibi for him; Castlemartyr is nearly sixty miles from Bantry; and he certainly is anything but a partisan of his. Pray, friend, addressing the witness, 'will you swear informations against the prisoner for his robbery of your property?'" "Troth I will, my lord! with all the pleasure in life, if your lordship thinks I can get any satisfaction out of him. I'm tould I can for the spade, but not for the carrots and parsneps." "Go to the crown office and swear informations," said the judge.

"The prisoner was of course discharged, the alibi having clearly been established; in an hour's time some inquiry was made as to whether Checkley's rural witness had sworn informations in the crown office. That gentleman was not to be heard of; the prisoner also had vanished immediately on being discharged—and of course resumed his mal-practices forthwith. It needs hardly be told that Lord Shannon's *soi-disant* tenant dealt a little in fiction, and that the whole story of his farm from that nobleman, and of the prisoner's thefts of the spade and vegetables, was a pleasant device of Mr. Checkley's. I told this story," continued O'Connell, "to a coterie of English barristers with whom I dined; and it was most diverting to witness their astonishment at Mr. Checkley's unprincipled ingenuity. Stephen Rice, the assistant-barrister, had so high an admiration of this clever rogue, that he declared he would readily walk fifty miles to see Checkley!"

O'Connell's domestic qualities appear very pleasingly throughout Mr. Daunt's volumes. Many anecdotes show the strength of his family affections. From amidst other interesting remembrances of that kind we take a picturesque little glimpse of his wife in her girlish days:—

"When my wife was a little girl she was obliged to pass, on her way to school, every day, under the arch of the gaol; and Hands, the gaoler of Tralee, a most gruff, uncouth-looking fellow, always made her stop and curtsy to him. She despatched the curtsy with all imaginable expedition, and ran away to school, to get out of his sight as fast as possible."

His Roman Catholic predilections are of course strongly evinced; but without that darker monkish shade which appeared towards the close of his life, both in public and private conversation.

One evening, in speaking of Shakspeare, O'Connell said, "I am certain he was a Catholic. In his writings you will find his priests and friars good men. This circumstance is very remarkable, when we consider that he wrote at a period when abuse of popery would have naturally been practised to court the ruling powers by any writer who was not a Catholic himself."

"In the play of King John," observed Mr. Lucas, (the editor of the *Tablet*), "Shakspeare shows strong disinclination to give temporal power and authority to the pope."

"That," replied O'Connell, "is a perfectly Catholic sentiment, and one in which I fully and cordially participate, so far as concerns the pope's actual *dominion*. But I'll tell you a favorite day-dream of mine—that the time will come when there will be no more war, no more bloodshed, between nations, and when nations will settle their differences, not by sanguinary battles, and the awful sacrifice of human life, but by a pacific appeal to the adjudication of a third party—just as America and England have now referred their disputes to the decision of the King of Holland. And who, in such an appeal from nations, could be a fitter umpire than the pope, the most ancient sovereign in Christendom?"

This remark led to some comments on the papal supremacy, and thence the talk wandered to Sir Thomas More's defence of that supremacy. O'Connell playfully said: "By the bye, Sir Thomas More had four-and-twenty grand-children—and so have I. Thus you see there are some things in which a little man may resemble a great one."

The reader now perceives the manner of the book—and that it is lively, gossiping, amusing, and quite unpretending. It is all the better for its want of plan. The anecdotes jostle each other as they come, without order or arrangement; but a book of this kind cannot be too easy and unforced.

Walking through College Green, a countryman took off his hat and cheered him—such incidents, I need not say, were of constant occurrence. O'Connell said—"One day I was walking through London, with Tom Campbell the poet, and a negro took off his hat and begged to thank me for my efforts against negro slavery. Campbell's poetical fancy was smitten, and he exclaimed with great fervor, 'I would rather receive such a tribute as that than have all the crowned heads in Europe making bows to me!'"

Passing the corner of Grafton street, where it opens into College Green, a child stopped to stare at him. "That's just the spot," said he, "where I stopped to stare at Lord Edward Fitzgerald. I ran on before him, and turned about to enjoy a good stare at him; he was a nice dapper-looking fellow, with keen dark eyes."

Mr. — passed at the opposite side of the street. O'Connell pointed him out to me, saying, "That is one of the richest men in Dublin, and he took a sure way to be so. Of every shilling he ever touched, at least elevenpence halfpenny stuck to his fingers."

At Derrynane Mr. Daunt was told of a "cantankerous cur" whose fate was the reverse of a warning:—

O'Connell told us, that in the place where the dining-table stood, there had been a large rock, which he was obliged to blast when clearing the foundation for the dining-room. "When the rock

was bored," said he, "and the train of gunpowder ready to be ignited, I stood at the kitchen-door to watch the explosion. There was a cross-grained, ill-conditioned little terrier about the place, a *con-tankrous* cur, that snarled and snapped at everybody, and was a general nuisance; but as it had been my uncle's, I did not get it shot. It was an inquisitive brute, too, always peeping and prying, and I could not help laughing when I saw it peeping into the bore just as the train was about to be fired. 'Ha!' thought I, 'you'll catch it now, at last!' The match was applied—bang! went the rock in fragments, but the cur, instead of being blown aloft, was merely turned over on his back, and scampered off without receiving any injury, as soon as he recovered from the stunning effects of the shock. No doubt he would n't have escaped if he had been the least good in the world!"

We like few things better in the book than O'Connell's sensible scorn of the absurdities of the Young Ireland zealots.

He spoke with contempt of the "Annals of the Four Masters." "They are little more than a bare record of faction or clanfighths. 'On such a day the chief of such a place burned the castle of the chief of so-and-so;' there's a tiresome sameness of this sort of uninteresting narrative."

Again:—

Some one asked him whether the use of the Irish language was diminishing among our peasantry. "Yes," he answered, "and I am sufficiently utilitarian not to regret its gradual abandonment. A diversity of tongues is no benefit; it was first imposed on mankind as a curse, at the building of Babel. It would be of vast advantage to mankind if all the inhabitants of the earth spoke the same language. Therefore, although the Irish language is connected with many recollections that twine around the hearts of Irishmen, yet the superior utility of the English tongue, as the medium of all modern communication, is so great, that I can witness without a sigh the gradual disuse of the Irish."

O'Connell used to call himself the best abused man in the world; and he had some claim to the distinction. But he was also about the worst praised man. His enemies and his worshippers have been equally indiscreet, and the censure and the praise alike extravagant. Such books as Mr. Daunt's may help to set the balance right. To the extent of the writer's knowledge and recollection, O'Connell here speaks for himself, and describes himself; nor is the result unpleasing or unkindly.

[We add a notice from the Spectator.]

MR. J. O'N. DAUNT is an Elizabethan "Saxon" by descent, an Irish tory by family and association, but a repealer by sentiment and judgment—so far as the latter quality can avail him on a subject requiring large considerations. Though a Protestant, he rejoiced at Catholic Emancipation; and when the Liberator began to move in Repeal, Mr. Daunt enlisted under O'Connell's banner. An aptitude for agitation, and that devoted personal loyalty which all potentates love more than a sterner independence even if associated with greater ability, raised Mr. Daunt to the

post of one of Dan's lieutenants, as the newspaper reader will remember. In the two volumes before us, he has recorded his own reminiscences of his general, from their first meeting at dinner, in 1833, up to O'Connell's death.

There is a good deal of commonplace in the book, though seldom without indication of O'Connell, either personally or as a politician; and sometimes there are traits of that reverence by which the loyal follower turns every-day things into matters of wonderment. It is, however, a readable collection of anecdotes, traits of character, and description of Irish politicians behind the curtain; forming a Boswellian contribution to O'Connell's biography. We see the Liberator slightly, but pretty distinctly, in Mr. Daunt's *Recollections*; not the less truly, perhaps, that Mr. Daunt himself does not always see him. Humbug and roguery were O'Connell's nature—not "second," but essential. The humbug perhaps never left him, at least while exposed to human observation; his roguery was sometimes covered by his humbug, but not so frequently as might be supposed from his powers of blarney and deception, simply because he was himself unconscious that there was much, if anything, wrong in it. O'Connell's Milesian nature, his legal training, his long connection with Irish factions, and possibly his St. Omer education, overlaid all sense of what was fair and manly, and blinded him to the enduring power of truth. Many people, especially in politics, have recourse to tricks, and are careless of their means if they conduce to an end; but most people, out of Ireland, either deny the motive or the character of the deed. O'Connell alone, we think, bragged of his deceptions. Hence, on several occasions he avows the dishonest arts of a dishonest demagogue, as if they were rather feathers in the cap. The mask of humbug he never discarded. If we suppose that he really believed in the feasibility of Repeal, he must have known the fallacy of its instant attainment: yet he kept up in private the same system of promises by which he gulled the rabble in public, even when his "devoted" were themselves persuaded of the impossibility of his promises, and those with less development of the organ of veneration seem to have treated the idea in the spirit of "I wish you may get it."

He was *always sanguine of success*. Staunton told me that O'Connell came to the *Weekly Register* office, one day while that paper was printed in Suffolk street, and called him down stairs, saying, "Staunton, my dear fellow! Repeal is now quite certain: all that remains is to settle the terms." "I am very glad to hear it," replied Staunton; with a feeling, however, that the news of proximate success was rather too good to be true.

"Truth is mighty and will prevail." Notwithstanding O'Connell's thorough knowledge of the Milesian character, and its readiness to be satisfied with the splendid vision instead of laboring to attain the sober reality—notwithstanding his powers of cajolery, the great services he had rendered to Ireland, and their magnified scale in the popular

mind—his falsehood struck him down at last. Yet even when the truthfulness of Davis, and in a less degree of Smith O'Brien and Duffy, had revolted from the false and fraudulent practices of their leader, and carried off so many dissentients from the tyranny of humbug and the sordidness of self-seeking, O'Connell could not be brought to look at the truth, but clung pertinaciously to his delusion.

O'Connell was inexpressibly pained by the secessions which were daily taking place. The Young Irelanders had swept off a monstrous segment from the Association. Steele said to me one evening, at the Corn Exchange, "It is sad to contemplate the vast difference between the O'Connell of 1843 and the O'Connell of 1846. The people have ebbed away from him; and when I hint their alienation, he gets excited, and says I must be mistaken, and he either takes up a book or changes the subject. I talk to John; and John goes on studying his Repeal statistics, or writing his reports, and does not seem to heed me."

I dined with O'Connell on a Sunday; and while conversing in his study before dinner, I mentioned some instances of clerical sympathy with the seceders in the county Cork.

"Why, you know," said he, "their bishop, Dr. Murphy, was never a Repealer, and therefore I cannot wonder at any of his clergy holding aloof from me."

"The bishop's politics might, perhaps, account for the inactivity of his clergy about Repeal," I replied, "but not for their sympathy with the secession."

"Oh, my dear fellow, you must be mistaken," was his answer. I saw that the topic gave him so much pain, that I did not pursue it.

Perhaps the only things which he did not conceal were his envy and his vanity. Cobbett, in his loyal days, said that the motto of every demagogue was that of Milton's Satan, "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven." It certainly was the device of O'Connell. However he might cover it by blarney, he seems to have been dissatisfied unless he was playing first fiddle. It is probable that his failures in England provoked him to set actively about the Repeal agitation, as his waning influence in Parliament might latterly be the motive of his keeping away. His vanity, in fact, was the source of his blarney. He seems, like Addison, to have been surrounded by "a little senate," who "wondered with a foolish face of praise;" and thus long he was gracious: but he became sulky when not lord paramount. His envy took the turn of depreciating rivals. The following judgment on Emmet is just enough—it is the animus that betrays the jealousy: the remark about Sheil is ludicrous, from the way in which the self-sufficiency comes out.

O'CONNELL ON EMMET AND HIMSELF.

The Ulster gentleman asked whether Robert Emmet's character should not be exempted from the censure Mr. O'Connell had pronounced upon the insurgent leaders in general.

"Poor man, he meant well," said O'Connell; "but I ask whether a madder scheme was ever devised by a Bedlamite! Here was Mr. Emmet,

having got together about £1200 in money, and seventy-four men; whereupon he makes war upon King George the Third with 150,000 of the best troops in Europe, and the wealth of three kingdoms at his command! Why, my good sir, poor Emmet's scheme was as wild as anything in romance! No—I always saw, that divided as Ireland is and has been, physical force could never be made an available weapon to regenerate her. I saw that the best and only effective combination must be that of moral force. I have combined the peasantry in moral organization; and on them, with their revered pastors to guide them, do I place my reliance. And I am proud of them: they are the finest people in the whole world!"

SHEIL'S MISTAKE.

O'Connell always spoke with the highest admiration of Sheil's extraordinary abilities, and with strong personal regard for his old fellow-leader in the struggle for Emancipation. "But I'll tell you a mistake he made," he would add; "he was wrong to have taken a silk gown before I got one."

The contents of these volumes are as various as well can be in a book devoted to a single person. The form is a sketch, in chronological order, of Mr. Daunt's personal recollections when he was in "the presence;" the most important intervals being filled up by second-hand information. The topics handled are O'Connell's general habits, his conduct in business, his amusements at Darrynane, his appearance and behavior on different occasions, and an account of the various journeys on pleasure or agitation when Mr. Daunt was O'Connell's companion. The most predominant topic, however, is the Liberator's talk. This is sometimes autobiographical, sometimes political or legal, involving reminiscences of the men and times of his early career; and much of it is anecdotal—"good stories" of the Irish bar and Irish society, especially of his youth. These stories are occasionally versions of well-known anecdotes, but given with more appropriate circumstances, so as to tell better; and some of them have been garnished by O'Connell, or he had swallowed an improbability. The part of the following extract relating to Fox is not credible, either of Fox or the prince.

A recent writer had praised George the Fourth's colloquial abilities.

"Why," said O'Connell, "from his rank, he of course found ready listeners; and he could talk familiarly of royal personages, concerning whom there is usually some curiosity felt. That kind of talk might have passed for agreeable; but his favorite conversation was like that of a profligate, half-drunken trooper."

"Was he, in your opinion, a handsome, princely-looking fellow?"

"When I saw him in 1794," replied O'Connell, "he was a remarkably handsome-faced man; his figure was faulty, narrow shoulders, and enormous hips; yet altogether he was certainly a very fine-looking fellow. But when I saw him in Dublin, in 1821, age and the results of dissipation had made him a most hideous object; he had a flabby, tallow-colored face, and his frame was quite debilitated. He came to Ireland to humbug the Catholics; who, he thought, would take sweet words instead

of useful deeds. Ah! we were not to be humbugged!"

"I believe," he added, "that there never was a greater scoundrel than George the Fourth. To his other evil qualities he added a perfect disregard of truth. During his connection with Mrs. Fitzherbert, Charles James Fox dined with him one day in that lady's company. After dinner, Mrs. Fitzherbert said, 'By the by, Mr. Fox, I had almost forgotten to ask you, what you *did* say about me in the House of Commons the other night? The newspapers misrepresent so very strangely, that one cannot depend on them. You were made to say, that the prince authorized you to deny his marriage with me!' The prince made monitory grimaces at Fox, and immediately said, 'Upon my honor, my dear, I never authorized him to deny it.' 'Upon my honor, sir, you *did*,' said Fox, rising from table: 'I had always thought your father the greatest liar in England, but now I see that *you* are.' Fox would not associate with the prince for some years; until one day that he walked in, unannounced, and found Fox at dinner. Fox rose as the prince entered, and said that he had but one course consistent with his hospitable duty as an English gentleman, and that was to admit him."

From the Examiner.

Brothers and Sisters: a Tale of Domestic Life. By FREDERIKA BREMER, Author of "The Neighbors," &c. Translated from the original unpublished Manuscript, by Mary Howitt. 3 vols. Colburn.

MISS BREMER is the high-priestess of home. The Penates are her deities; and there is not a tender mystery in the temple devoted to them, which her delicate touch has not been able to reveal.

This book is briefly to be described as passages from the domestic history of an orphan family, who live with their uncle, an old, honest, swearing, Swedish soldier, under the watchful guardianship of sister Hedvig, the eldest of the family, and one of those beautiful, calm, loving, self-forgetting people, that seem to reflect the most of Miss Bremer's own nature and character. We can hardly call the book a story; and to subject it to criticism for imperfect construction, or want of continuity of interest, would not be just. It is a series of detached sketches, no more; thrown off for the most part with a curious simplicity, at times almost amounting to coarseness; but upon the whole satisfactorily showing the little joys and sorrows of a family circle, their various fortunes, their partings and meetings, quarrels and reconciliations, confidences and concealments; and exhibiting love, throughout all, as the great strengthener and consoler. The first volume is charmingly written. Its successors fall off very much; but we never lose pleasing glimpses of the elevated feeling, the sweetness and tenderness of sentiment, the shrewd good sense, and the lively individuality of portraiture, which obtained for the Swedish authoress her high reputation. Miss Bremer is the most unequal of writers, and this book has her faults, in more than usual abundance; but what is good in it is the best of its kind.

Beautifully is it said of the sister Hedvigs, the self-sacrificing old maids of the world—

People talk a deal about the *mother*, she, namely, who gives birth to the world; she is honored and exalted; but they overlook, often despise—the other mother, the guardian, the teacher, the nurse, who often is more a mother than she who bears the name. And how many sisters endure, as does this sister Hedvig, all a mother's pain and anxiety, without her praise and her joy!

Again—

Hedvig was always dressed with care, and she cultivated her outward as well as her inward being. She did it, I imagine, without thought, from an internal instinct of beauty and purity. But had she thought of it, she would have done it equally, convinced that it is a duty of affection to endeavor to be agreeable to those about you, to parents, brothers and sisters, and other connections, just as much as for a husband or a bridegroom; and that the last is a *highly sacred* duty, neither books of education nor romances leave any doubt! Probably this extreme charm had no small part in the influence which she exercised over all at home, especially upon her brothers.

Here is a picture of her after she has resolutely declined, for duty's sake, the addresses of the man whom she loves. Inimitable *sang-froid*, we are bound to add, would seem to be the leading characteristic of this lover, who straightway proceeds upon his travels; and English novel-readers will be sadly disappointed at the *no-scene* of his return, when he introduces his wife to Hedvig. She receives her as a matter of course; and is the same quiet, undisturbed, affectionate creature, as though the world had laid all her wishes at her feet. No one paints a picture like this, wanting no other warmth or joy than that of virtue, so well as Miss Bremer.

Hedvig sate and span. The spinning-wheel, made of dark wood and finely carved, standing as it did upon the bright green carpet, made only a low hum as it turned, like the murmur of a running brook. Whilst the flax-thread glided through Hedvig's fingers, one tear after another flowed down her cheeks. Traces also of unusual excitement appeared in the feverish flush of her commonly pale cheeks, in the heightened brilliancy of her eye; and Hedvig seemed to wish to lull to sleep, as it were, her excited feelings by the quiet, composing employment in which she was engaged. What was the cause of this excitement? Was it joy or was it pain? It seemed to be something of both, and by degrees they both mingled into an expression of infinite affection and pensiveness; like a mild evening sun which seeks for itself a path through clouds, and illumines all that surround it.

The daylight came dimly into the room, from a leaden sky which showed itself above the tiled roof. It was in the afternoon, and the whole of this day, a November day, had been grey and cloudy. At this moment, however, a sunbeam burst forth, and, falling obliquely into the room, let the shadow of the leaves of a little rose-tree, which stood in the window where Hedvig sate, play and dance upon the panelling around her. Hedvig smiled pensively; there was something picturesque in this little circumstance, and reminiscences of her life came forth

like pictures, like shadow figures upon the canvas of the past.

Other slight extracts will indicate the kind of sentiment which prevails throughout the book.

USES OF FRIENDSHIP.

The fate of many a person is, up to a certain point, a tangle, which must be unravelled by friendly hands, if it is not to be tightened into an irretrievable knot.

SERVANTS.

Servants!—what an important part they act in the life and history of families! And who can enumerate the deeds of energy and patience, and all the Christian virtues, which are day and night performed by good servants! Volumes might be written about them; yet—to what purpose! There is *One* who enumerates them, and writes them down in his book—that great book!—and we shall one day know more about them when it is opened; when the quiet life, and the unobtrusive deeds which now lie concealed in the shades of household existence, shall be revealed to the day; and when the great Master shall call forth to a joyful reward the good and the faithful servant—who was faithful in the little thing.

BENEVOLENCE IN TRIFLES.

What was it which Bror just said! we hear so much about ourselves that we forget our brothers and sisters!—Göthilda replies.

"No, Bror, we will not do that, because Hedvig does not like it!"

Bror!—"Oh, it is only a trifle!"

Göthilda!—"Nothing is a trifle which is displeasing to Hedvig!"

"Thanks, Göthilda! Thanks, good girl, for that word. And if everybody thought so, there would not so often arise that dull bad weather, those clouded feelings, those little bitter disagreements, by which married people, brothers and sisters, parents and children, by degrees embitter one another's lives, and which create altogether that great, grey, heavy, oppressive cloud—*discomfort*."

A fly is a very light burden, but if it were perpetually to return and set itself on our nose, it might weary us of our very lives.

"Thanks, therefore, Göthilda, for the proverb, 'Nothing is a trifle which is unpleasant to our friend.'"

And by the side of this we would inscribe upon the tablets of home, "Nothing is insignificant which gives pleasure to our friend!" Because from this arises that bright summer-mild atmosphere in the home, which is called *comfort*. Without this, how cold, how miserable is home in the north!

One of the best sketches is that of a mother and son who have taken one of the "sisters" under their protection, and the cold exactions of whose kindness freeze up her gratitude. Ultimately, she breaks through the ungenial bonds; and one of the prettiest episodes in the book is her after fortune, and her return to the man she had really loved, but whose manners, until suffering softened them, had repelled her.

Our last extract shall be the death of "Uncle Herkules." He is eminently a Swede, being a

staunch old soldier with a love for blacksmith's work—handling alternately Charles' sword and the hammer of Thor. It is the old man's birthday, and the brothers and sisters are up early to celebrate it.

Early in the morning stole Göthilda and Karin, with a garland of fresh laurels, mingled with *immortelles*, to the door of the old man's chamber. Göthilda had chosen for her purpose the time when the general, after having read or worked for a couple of hours, commonly indulged himself with a little nap, sitting in his tall arm-chair. She pressed softly in at the door, and—yes, she was right—General Herkules sat at his work-table, leaning back in the tall gothic chair, and was slumbering soundly, with his head bent down to his breast. Upon the table before him lay his Charles XII.'s Bible, open, and beside it lay Thor's hammer, and his hand rested on its handle.

Ivar's young wife and Göthilda stole in and placed the chaplet upon the old man's head, cautiously, cautiously!—and then retired with stealthy footsteps, not a little delighted at the whole having succeeded so well, and that the general had not waked.

They now joined their brothers and sisters and friends who were assembled in the outer room, where Augustin held in his hand a large drinking-horn, richly mounted with silver, which was a present from the brothers and sisters to Uncle Herkules.

All now struck up that cheerful song, which was so dear to him:

"Swedes in the old times drank from the horn!"

At the cheerful, beloved sound, the old count should have awaked and been pleased; that was the intention. But he awoke not.

Beautiful was it to see that old head, with the green laurel chaplet on his silver-white hair. The morning sun now threw its golden beams upon it. The flowers of the *immortelle* shone out like stars.

The song was sung to its close.

"It is remarkable that he does not awake! Shall we sing the song again!" said the brothers and sisters.

"The coffee is getting cold!" said Hedvig, a little troubled.

"Go and kiss him, Göthilda!" said Augustin.

"He will not be displeased at being woken in that way; that I promise you."

Göthilda went up to him, and pressed her coral lips upon the old man's brow. But she shuddered as she did so. The brow felt so marvellously cold.

With the movement that Göthilda made, the general's right hand fell down from the table, and the hammer with it, making a loud noise on the floor. The hand sank on one side, so that it rested on Göthilda's breast.

Göthilda looked inquiringly upon the slumberer. And with that she began to tremble violently, and large tears fell from her eyes upon the old man's head.

The others approached nearer.

"Dead!—Dead!" was whispered sadly and anxiously through the family circle.

It was so. General Herkules would wake no more on earth.

"May we all be thus removed!" said Augustin, as he grasped the hand of the sleeper.

And all the children whom he had loved and had

cherished, went up to him, and kissed him affectionately, with tears.

But Göthilda lay down at his knees, and embraced them in violent and bitter grief.

"It is his birth-day, Göthilda!" said Jarl Herkules, as he raised her up; "his birth-day, in the highest and best sense of the word. His last prayer is now fulfilled. He will bless us from his bright heaven, and we will gladden him with an earthly life!"

And he kissed away her tears.

Uncle Herkules is a favorite with Miss Bremer. She lingers beside him and his talk as with Ma Chère Mère or the President, and lavishes humor as well as pathos upon him. Her circle of character, we must observe in conclusion, is manifestly very circumscribed. It is curious how the various people of this book remind us of the Assessors, and little Petrus, and Cornet Charleses, and Beatas, and Madlle. Rönquist; whom we like so much, however, that we are not at all sorry to be so reminded of them. The brace of cadets are the little Thickeys over again—but they plan nothing so good as the undertaking to dig through the solid globe; from which the Thickeys were deterred, as the reader may recollect, not by any misgiving of the success of their project, but by the fear of falling through when the work was done.

From the Spectator.

GERSTÄCKER'S FORTUNES OF SOME GERMAN EMIGRANTS.*

THE apparent object of this work is to exhibit the evils which beset emigration by bodies of Germans to the United States, from the ignorance, obstinacy, and folly of the emigrants, as well as from the frauds of the American land-sharks. Its real purpose would almost seem to be to discourage respectable emigration altogether; for the conclusion pointed to is this—a German with money will be cheated out of it by the Americans; then perhaps he will be in working order to begin the pursuit of fortune, but in a worse condition, owing to his education and ideas of honesty, than a boor who goes out without means and is compelled to rough it from the beginning.

These ideas are very cleverly embodied in the tale before us, without any exaggeration in the manner, with little artifice in the incidents, and with an evident knowledge of the life described. The story or framework opens with the starting and closes with the failure of the scheme and the dispersion of the colonists. A few well-educated Germans, with a good many artisans and peasants, unite to transport a society and settle some land in common. A vessel is chartered; they sail from the port of Bremen; and, after the usual difficulties of a sea-voyage, (terrible to a German,) and various squabbles arising from the envy felt by the mass in the steerage towards the gentlemen in the cabin, they reach New York. On their arrival, some of the people, through their

own obstinacy, are duped and cheated in a low German pothouse; others, being advised by their leaders, fare rather better, though bad is the best; and they are all continually made butts of by the New Yorkers. While the leaders are pondering as to the place of settlement, a German Dr. Normann makes their acquaintance, and, in conjunction with a Yankee, sells them an abandoned clearing in Tennessee, at a price far beyond its value; for the cleared land is overgrown with more difficult timber than the primæval forest; the buildings, such as they were, are in ruin; the navigable "Big Halchee" will only float a boat during the spring-floods, and then only with the stream; and the flat is exceedingly unhealthy. The disappointment, anger, and difficulties of the community, may be surmised, when, after the troubles and expense of so long a journey, further encumbered by useless baggage, they arrive at their destination. However, by the aid of a countryman, located hard by, they set to work to clear and cultivate: but at the end of a year the whole community have separated in anger and disgust, each starting "upon his own hook."

A particular story adds variety and relief to the fortunes of the emigrants. Werner, a casual passenger to America, falls in love with Bertha Hehrmann, the daughter of the Lutheran pastor who accompanies the colonists. At New York they separate for a time, in order that Werner may look about him; but Bertha has attracted the notice of Normann; and he resolves to possess her by foul means, as fair means fail. For this purpose, he combines with a rascally American gambler of the Mississippi, called Turner, to carry off Bertha and her sister; but Turner leaves Normann in the lurch and in the hands of his pursuers, though he is himself obliged to abandon his prey in order to escape.

The Wanderings and Fortunes of some German Emigrants exhibits, as we have said, a knowledge of actual colonization, which knowledge is displayed in an unforced manner; for although some of the difficulties are mere accidents—such as their arriving at their destination by night and in a tempest, and they are also assisted by similar accidents—as the presence of a willing countryman in their neighborhood, the execution is simple and natural, with a good deal of quiet point and humor: but the simplicity perhaps verges upon the puerile, and there is a want of closeness and finish in the points. If *climax* applied to incidents or substance instead of periods, we should say there was a want of climax—the exemplifications often fall short. This peculiarity is less visible in the romance of the story, though it may be detected there. But that part of the book has less freshness than the "wanderings and fortunes" of the emigrants. Turner, the American outcast, his instrument the mulatto, and the forcible abduction of Bertha, have a resemblance to similar things in American tales. To German readers, however, they may be new; for an importation or an English reprint is a different matter from a

* Translated by David Black.

translation for Germany. The book is not likely to impress the Germanic mind in favor of America; although the author is less harsh in his pictures than many other writers, and he makes allowances for the selfish and unamiable traits, if not for the rascality of the Americans.

The troubles of the Germans and the rogueries of the Americans and German-Yankees are best appreciated by continuous perusal. The abduction may furnish a specimen of Gerstäcker's fiction. Turner and Normann have succeeded in inveigling the two girls into a wood; have gagged and bound them; Bertha is in the boat at the mouth of the Big Halchee creek; and Turner alarmed by sounds of pursuit, is about to escape with her and Nick the mulatto, leaving Louisa and Normann behind.

The half-son of Africa, too, sprang rapidly towards the boat, shoved it quickly from the shore, and was just about to follow with a rapid spring, when Normann, who perhaps had a notion of something of the sort—and yet, again, could scarce believe that his own friends would leave him in the lurch in so shameful a manner—upset the well-spun scheme, by suddenly throwing himself upon and flinging his arms round him.

"Hold, sir!" he cried; "you rascal—you! You don't escape so! Turner, you perjured villain! would you betray me!"

"Make yourself loose, Nick," cried Turner to the mulatto; "make yourself loose!—quick! By Jove, I hear the horses! We are lost if they catch us!"

"You scoundrel! I keep you in pawn!" cried the doctor, who was now driven to extremity. "He can't get away alone; and we shall, at all events, go to the devil together!"

"Haven't you a knife about you, Nick?" exclaimed Turner. The danger increased every moment: a few minutes more must decide their fate. "Come, quick! come both of you then, in the name of all the devils in hell!—only quickly!" he cried, at last, in a rage, for he knew how invaluable every second was. But even if he could have made the combatants comprehend his wish, Normann, after what had taken place, would not on any account have put himself into the hands of his treacherous companions; but as it was, neither of the two enraged men heard even a syllable of the proposal. Nick had, with infinite trouble, got his hand into his pocket, and pulled out a small pocket pistol, which he quickly and secretly turned towards the German's forehead. But this movement of his opponent had not remained unobserved by the latter; and he threw his arm upward, and struck the weapon aside, at the very moment the mulatto was pulling the trigger: the ball even grazed his ear, and the powder singed his face. But now, driven to the extremity of rage, he no longer heard even the approaching galloping of the horses, but, seizing the slim figure of the negro with all the strength he possessed, he threw him to the ground. In the same moment the pursuers appeared on the river-bank, close above the two wrestlers, and Turner's boat glided out beneath the shadow of the bushes into the Mississippi.

"Confusion!" said the Yankee, gnashing his teeth, finding he had to handle the two heavy oars in tholes which did not correspond. "Confusion seize that awkward brute of a nigger! to let him-

self be upset like that by a Dutchman; if they only hang the varmint, and I hear of it, that'll be some comfort! Well, my pretty, now we two must make the journey alone," he said, turning grinning to the prisoner lying before him; "did n't I tell you, my poppet, that you—"

"Help, help, here! Help!" suddenly cried with a loud voice the unhappy girl; who had meanwhile, with the most fearful exertions, freed herself from the gag. "Help, here! Help!"

In the next instant, the palm of the American's hand was on her lips, and he whispered to her, through his clenched teeth—"Ho-ho! my pretty little dove, must I draw the bit a little tighter! So," he continued, whilst he made any further attempt at screaming futile, by a large woollen cloth—"So if it should be a little close for you, you must bear it: over in Arkansas, I'll make you more comfortable."

He seized the oars once more, and pulled away till the humid veins on his forehead threatened to burst the skin. "Stop!" resounded across from the shore; and, as he was gazing thither, to see to whom the call was addressed—for he was himself too far for it to have reference to him—a flash gleamed in the obscurity and the report of a shot followed.

His attention was thus drawn to the direction in which the shot was fired; and, to his astonishment and alarm, he just discerned, in the dim light of the moon, the dark shadow of a second boat gliding on, which evidently must be following him. Although he could not account, in the first place, where this boat had come from, as the mulatto had found none thereabouts—or secondly, why his enemies should fire upon it—yet he did not for a moment hesitate in concluding it to contain, as it really did, pursuers; and his sole aim now was to reach the opposite shore before it. Once there with his prize, he could, under the dark shadow of the woods, either give them the slip, with his boat even, or else easily carry his prize into the thicket, where pursuit would be useless. So, with his face turned to the dark spot, from which the flashing light of the oars, as they were lifted out of the water, alone announced the activity with which those in it were striving after their object, he himself pulled away lustily, and shaped his course so as to give way a little to the stream, not exactly across, but rather endeavoring to maintain his advantage, as he still thought it possible to escape them by superior speed.

But he was soon undeceived; for, although the pirogue was unquestionably clumsier in the water than the excellently modelled boat, yet the latter was not adapted to be rowed by one person: the tholes lay opposite separate seats, the one more forward than the other, and the working of both at the same time was highly inconvenient. Turner, who knew how to scull, might, it is true, have easily got his boat down the stream in that way; but he could not have made in that fashion so much way as the pirogue, and he was consequently obliged for his own safety to choose the less convenient but more advantageous mode.

Still the pursuers gained upon him; and he was obliged to turn the head of his boat more towards the stream, in order to reach the opposite shore as soon as possible. But this movement which did not pass unnoticed by Helldorf, only redoubled the zeal of the Germans; and the steersman warned the rowers several times not to pull too violently, lest they should break one of their oars, a loss which could not have been made good.

Turner was now compelled, in order to get more command of the lower or larboard oar, and be enabled to stem the stream, to change the tholes; which occupied him some seconds, for whilst he stopped rowing, the boat's head turned quite towards the stream, and she lost her course. Scarcely had the American resumed his seat, and got his little vessel in her former direction, before he saw how much nearer the enemy had advanced, and became conscious of the danger which threatened him. The current, besides, had carried him further down than he anticipated; and he observed, on turning his head to look, that he must touch the upper part of the sandbank, situate on the opposite side of the river, about three English miles below the one before alluded to, and would not be able to give his pursuers the slip in the shadow of the woods, or in the top of some tree fallen into the water. All that remained for him was to save his own life; and, gnashing his teeth, he was compelled to admit to himself that the booty which he had considered so safe was lost to him. There is no knowing what he might have done in the first moment of rage, had he only dared to cease rowing for an instant; but as it was, he found himself almost within shot of the silently approaching avengers, and knew well enough, unless he reached the sandbank sooner, and much sooner too, than they, that he should be exposed to their fire. He could not possibly dare to hope that people who engaged in such a pursuit were unarmed; and yet such was the case: not one of the three carried so much as a pistol; and they had simply, on the impulse of the moment, and relying on the goodness of their cause, followed a desperate ruffian, who, there could be no doubt, would have sold his life dearly.

Turner, never without a weapon himself, thought the same probable of others; and as his pursuers were Germans, they naturally, according to his idea, carried nothing else than fowling-pieces or shot guns, and those double-barrelled ones. But just now he dreaded those more than he did a ball; for it was more probable that he should be hit by them, and perhaps crippled, than with a bullet. He therefore exerted himself in desperation; his limbs were bathed in sweat, his sinews strained almost to starting; and he was scarcely fifty yards distant from the strand which promised him deliverance, when the boat ran upon one of the numerous tongues of sand which in that place run out into the stream, and grounded hard and fast. Turner well knew how impossible it would be for him, under existing circumstances, to get her afloat again; and therefore, without a second's further delay, seized his rifle and shot-bag and jumped overboard, and ran with rapid bounds through the water, of which there was scarcely a foot in depth, towards the sandy shore. He had hardly reached it before he began to spring across the hard sand in zig-zag, in order to avoid any shot which might happen to be sent after him; and in doing this performed such extraordinary gambols, that Schwarz, who immediately guessed what he was in dread of, and knew the groundlessness of his fears, broke out into a loud laugh. But Werner, who troubled himself little about the runaway rascal, if he could only succeed in saving his sweetheart, was in half a minute's time beside the boat left in the lurch, in which the maiden, bound and gagged, was still lying. He was in it with a rapid spring; and in the next moment, Bertha, swooning from joyous surprise, rested upon his breast."

The translation reads easily and English-like, yet apparently preserves the characteristics of the original; which are truer tests than any verbal niceties. Mr. Black has added notes corrective of some back-wood descriptions; but it strikes us these might sometimes have been spared. The German representations seem more correct without the Englishman's qualifications.

From the Spectator.

MISS MARTINEAU'S EASTERN LIFE.

IN the autumn of 1846, Miss Martineau was invited to accompany her friends Mr. and Mrs. V. Yates on an excursion to Egypt and the Holy Land. The party ascended the Nile as far as the Second Cataract; examined on their return the various ruins on its banks as well as the Pyramids; visited Mount Sinai and Petra, under the usual escort of Arabs; and travelled to Jerusalem, Damascus, and Baalbec, seeing, of course, the intermediate places.

In all this there is nothing of greater novelty than a tour to France and Italy before the first French Revolution—indeed, not nearly so much as far as books are concerned; for it would be a weary task to enumerate all the travellers who have visited the Eastern Mediterranean, and published accounts of their travels within the last eighteen or twenty years, more especially since steam and the liberal rule of Mehemet Ali have rendered an excursion to Nubia less riskful to life and comfort than a journey to Ireland was thirty years ago. The only novelty to be looked for in such a tour, is in the manner of the writer, or in opportunities of seeing things tabooed to the general class of travellers, or in some view which genius or study may strike out from observation of the past. Miss Martineau had no special opportunity; in the way of life and great people, she saw less than many other travellers have done. Her writing is as able as usual, but with the usual ponderous effect which elaboration produces. Her views and reflections, deduced from actual observation of Egypt and its monuments, the desert where the Israelites wandered, and Palestine, especially Jerusalem, are frequently powerful; but they partake of the character of the platform speech or the review article, and are somewhat injured in their effect by being out of place.

Eastern Life, Present and Past, is a medley of journey, disquisition, and discourse. There is a narrative of travels, with its incidents, reflections, feelings, and descriptions; and, worn as the ground has been, this part possesses interest and freshness, from the searching and trained observation of Miss Martineau and her skill in composition. She sees much that has escaped others, and presents it with more vividness; this part, however, would have had more attraction but for the intrusion of the writer in propria persona, and the preponderance of mere feeling excited by scenery. Another section consists of a description of the remains of antiquity, especially of Egypt; in

which a lively idea is conveyed of the character and condition of that ancient people, Miss Martineau interpreting. But whether that interpretation be a true and general account of the ideas suggested by the remains themselves, or peculiar to her imagination, may be doubted. The mere descriptions, from the want of plans and plates, are, as such attempts to supersede forms by words must be, tiresome. Historical, philosophical, and religious disquisitions, form another part of the work. Miss Martineau prefaces her visit to the ancient cities of Thebes by a resumé of the history of ancient Egypt; she prepares to tread in the footsteps of the children of Israel during their wanderings by a disquisition on the (*not* Divine) "Legation of Moses;" her advent to Jerusalem is accompanied by an exposition of the Hebrew faith at the birth of Christ; and questions with an historical or religious bearing are discussed at many other places. This is often done with thought, force, and novelty of view; and Miss Martineau's ideas are obviously suggested by the scene. The bulk of the historical matter, however, is common enough—belonging in its origin to Sharpe and Wilkinson, though now almost encyclopædic in its commonness; but the use exhibits Miss Martineau's wonted skill in appropriating what is common to her own purposes. There is a class of topics not so full or so numerous as those we have mentioned, but sufficient to form a distinct feature. Miss Martineau has adopted the rather vulgar habit of calling up historical fancies when she comes to a remarkable place: a method which has more novelty in the East than at Paris or London, but which might as well have been weeded from a work of this pretension.

In truth, however, *Eastern Life, Present and Past*, is to some extent a piece of book-making. It is not the spontaneous narrative of travel, where the writer puts forth strong impressions of which she must be delivered; nor is it a book formed upon a preconceived plan, but the result apparently of an afterthought, though founded in its descriptive parts upon Miss Martineau's journals. The consequence is, that there is a good deal of contrivance and making-up about the form of the book; and the longer disquisitions might stand alone, or perhaps more properly appear in a periodical. Though very ably written, they are deficient in depth and originality—a defect which characterizes Miss Martineau's mind. She is a promulgator rather than a discoverer; from her first publication—the tales illustrative of Political Economy, to one of her last—devoted to popularizing Friend Bright's views on the working of the Game-laws, her leading characteristic has been that of somebody's mouthpiece: speaking very ably, no doubt, and illustrating the borrowed views with great aptness, vigor, and felicity, but still wanting that certainty, weight, and satisfying character, which belongs to original and independent thought. There is nothing visibly borrowed in the sense of plagiarism in the volumes before us; but the book

is not "taking" in proportion to its bulk. As a series of sketches, it wants the richness and animation of *Eöthen* or the *Crescent and the Cross*; the completeness and solidity of more scientific travels.

Though such is the character of the work as a whole, there are parts of much interest for the subject-matter and the ability of the writer. Miss Martineau vigorously depicts a striking scene; she has seen many things as a woman, an observer, and an old traveller, which have escaped less qualified lookers-on; and she often enforces a foreign fact by pointing out the use it contains. She "improves" the occasion; sometimes, no doubt, with the tone of a person who has a vocation to hold forth, but still with effect. The ascent of the cataract is one of her best descriptive passages.

It was a curious scene; the appearing of the dusky natives on all the rocks around; the eager zeal of those who made themselves our guards, holding us by the arms, as if we were going to gaol, and scarcely permitting us to set our feet to the ground, lest we should fall; and the daring plunges and dives of man or boy, to obtain our admiration or our baksheesh. A boy would come riding down a slope of roaring water as confidently as I would ride down a sandhill on my ass. Their arms, in their fighting method of swimming, go round like the spokes of a wheel. Grinning boys popped into the currents; and little seven-year-old savages must haul at the ropes, or ply their little poles when the kandjia approached a spike of rock, or dive to thrust their shoulders between its keel and any sunken obstacle; and after every such feat they would pop up their dripping heads, and cry "baksheesh." I felt the great peculiarity of this day to be my seeing for the first, and probably the only time of my life, the perfection of savage faculty: and truly it is an imposing sight. The quickness of movement and apprehension, the strength and suppleness of frame, and the power of experience in all concerned this day, contrasted strangely with images of the book-worm and the professional man at home, who can scarcely use their own limbs and senses or conceive of any control over external realities. I always thought in America, and I always shall think, that the finest specimens of human development I have seen are in the United States; where every man, however learned and meditative, can ride, drive, keep his own horse, and roof his own dwelling, and every woman, however intellectual, can do, if necessary, all the work of her own house. At home, I had seen one extreme of power, in the meagre, helpless beings whose prerogatives lie wholly in the world of ideas; here I saw the other, where the dominion was wholly over the power of outward nature; and I must say, I as heartily wished for the introduction of some good bodily education at home as for intellectual enlightenment here. * *

Throughout the four hours of our ascent, I saw incessantly that though much is done by sheer force—by men enough pulling at a rope strong enough—some other requisites are quite as essential; great forecast, great sagacity, much nice management among currents and hidden and threatening rocks, and much knowledge of the forces and subtleties of wind and water. The men were sometimes plunging to heave off the boat from a spike or ledge; sometimes swimming to a distant rock, with a rope between their teeth, which they carried

round the boulders; then squatting upon it, and holding the end of the rope with their feet, to leave their hands at liberty for hauling. Sometimes a man dived to free the cable from a catch under water; then he would spring on board, to pole at any critical pass; and then ashore, to join the long file who were pulling at the cable. Then there was their patience and diligence; very remarkable when we went round and round an eddy many times, after all but succeeding, and failing again and again from the malice of the wind. Once this happened for so long, and in such a boisterous eddy, that we began to wonder what was to be the end of it. Complicated as were the currents in this spot, we were four times saved from even grazing the rocks, when, after having nearly got through, we were borne back, and swung round to try again. The fifth time, there came a faint breath of wind, which shook our sail for a moment, and carried us over the ridge of foam. What a shout there was when we turned into still water! The last ascent but one appeared the most wonderful; the passage was twice over so narrow, barely admitting the kandjia, the promontory of rock so sharp, and the gush of water so strong; but the big rope, and the mob of haulers on the shore and the islets heaved us up steadily, and as one might say naturally, as if the boat took her course advisedly.

Though this passage appeared to us the most dangerous, it was at the last that the Rais of the Cataract interfered to request us to step ashore. We were very unwilling; but we could not undertake the responsibility of opposing the local pilot; he said it was mere force that was wanted here, the difficulty being only from the rush of the waters, and not from any complication of currents. But no man would undertake to say that the rope would hold; and if it did not, destruction was inevitable. The rope held: we saw the boat drawn up steadily and beautifully; and the work was done. Mr. E., who has great experience in nautical affairs, said that nothing could be cleverer than the management of the whole business. He believed that the feat could be achieved nowhere else, as there are no such swimmers elsewhere.

FITNESS OF EGYPTIAN ART TO EGYPT.

One other obligation which the Egyptians owe to the Desert struck me freshly and forcibly from the beginning of our voyage to the end. It plainly originated their ideas of art. Not those of the present inhabitants, which are wholly Saracenic still; but those of the primitive race, who appear to have originated art all over the world. The first thing that impressed me in the Nile scenery, above Cairo, was the angularity of almost all forms. The trees appeared almost the only exception. The line of the Arabian hills soon became so even as to give them the appearance of being supports of a vast table-land, while the sand heaping up their bases was like a row of pyramids. Elsewhere, one's idea of sand-hill is, that of all round eminences, they are the roundest; but here their form is generally that of truncated pyramids. The entrances of the caverns are square. The masses of sand left by the Nile are square. The river-banks are graduated by the action of the water, so that one may see a hundred natural Nilometers in as many miles. Then, again, the forms of the rocks, especially the limestone ranges, are remarkably grotesque. In a few days, I saw, without looking for them, so many colossal figures of men and animal springing from the natural rock, so many sphinxes and strange

birds, that I was quite prepared for anything I afterwards met with in the temples. The higher we went up the country, the more pyramidal became the forms of even the mud houses of the modern people; and in Nubia, they were worthy, from their angularity, of old Egypt. It is possible that the people of Abyssinia might, in some obscure age, have derived their ideas of art from Hindostan, and propagated them down the Nile. No one can now positively contradict it. But I did not feel on the spot that any derived art was likely to be in such perfect harmony with its surroundings as that of Egypt certainly is; a harmony so wonderful as to be perhaps the most striking circumstance of all to an European, coming from a country where all art is derived, and its main beauty therefore lost. It is useless to speak of the beauty of Egyptian architecture and sculpture to those who, not going to Egypt, can form no conception of its main condition—its appropriateness. I need not add, that I think it worse than useless to adopt Egyptian forms and decoration in countries where there is no Nile and no Desert, and where decorations are not, as in Egypt, fraught with meaning—pictured language—messages to the gazer.

FIRST VIEW OF THE PYRAMIDS.

When we had passed Werdan, about 4 P. M., Mr. E. came to me with a mysterious countenance, and asked me if I should like to be the first to see the Pyramids. We stole past the groups of careless talkers, and went to the bows of the boat, where I was mounted on boxes and coops, and shown where to look. In a minute I saw them, emerging from behind a sand-hill. They were very small, for we were still twenty-five miles from Cairo; but there could be no doubt about them for a moment, so sharp and clear were the light and shadow on the two sides we saw. I had been assured that I should be disappointed in the first sight of the Pyramids; and I had maintained that I could not be disappointed, as of all the wonders of the world, this is the most literal, and, to a dweller among mountains, like myself, the least imposing. I now found both my informant and myself mistaken. So far from being disappointed, I was filled with surprise and awe; and so far was I from having anticipated what I saw that I felt as if I had never before looked upon anything so new as those clear and vivid masses, with their sharp blue shadows, standing firm and alone on their expanse of sand. In a few minutes, they appeared to grow wonderfully larger; and they looked lustrous and most imposing in the evening light. This impression of the Pyramids was never fully renewed. I admired them every evening from my window at Cairo, and I took the surest means of convincing myself of their vastness by going to the top of the largest; but this first view of them was the most moving, and I cannot think of it now without emotion.

POLYGAMY AMONG THE POOR.

One of our quiet Nubians, twenty-five years of age, had already two wives; and by what we heard of his life at home, he might well be content on board the boat. As Alec observed, a rich man may put his wives into different apartments, but the poor man cannot; and the women quarrel fiercely and incessantly. This Nubian had to carry presents for his two wives after every voyage; and if they were not precisely alike, there was no end to the wrangling. Alec called this permission to have more than one wife a very bad part of his religion.

He was not yet married at all; and he did not intend to marry till he should have obtained money enough by his present employment to enable him to settle down in a home of his own. One of my friends one day expressed a hope that he would be careful in the choice of a wife; so careful in assuring himself of her temper and goodness, as not to be tempted to put her away, as husbands in Egypt do so lightly and cruelly. Alee did not quite promise this; but gave an account of what plan he should pursue, which shows how these matter are regarded by sensible young men in Egypt. He said he should buy a white wife, when he wanted to settle. He should tell her what he expected of her—viz., to be good-tempered; to make him comfortable; and to take care of his "boys." If she failed, he should, the first time, tell her his mind "very strongly." And then, if she got out of temper, or was negligent a second time, he should "just put her away." This was said with the gesture of Othello at the words "whistle her down the wind."

Among the rich, however, polygamy is described as far worse than among the poor, notwithstanding their number of rooms. Miss Martineau visited two harems, and describes part of what she saw, besides indicating a variety of horrors which she either saw or heard, but which she will not tell, because it would be useless. Even murder is mentioned, and the murder of children from jealousy; while those who are allowed to live are corrupted by what they see and hear. To what extent Miss Martineau's preaching upon this subject is well founded, or how far the evil may be modified geographically, we cannot tell. Persons who know much more about the East than Miss Martineau do not speak of its domestic life in the strain that she does; and it is possible that she has been crammed with exceptional stories as examples of the rule. On the other hand, the better authority of "Mr. Titmarsh," in his *Journey from Cornhill to Cairo*, supports Miss Martineau, as regards Egypt.

CAREY'S PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

MR. CAREY is an American political economist, with a high transatlantic reputation, which, in our opinion, is to some degree factitious. He seems too ambitious, to condense and systemize existing knowledge, while he is devoid of the assemblage of faculties, and of the well-balanced mind necessary to discover scientific principles. He wants comprehension to see the whole, and judgment to allow for the operation of the different parts. Although he has devoted himself to science, and, as many think, a dry science, his mind is essentially rhetorical rather than philosophical, and more adapted to urge a question than to argue it. His turn is towards facts, which he can present clearly and ingeniously in statistical tables, or group effectively in large masses. Although his particular accuracy may be open to challenge, these facts often suggest new views or matter for further consideration, and may not unfrequently contain an important truth, but so partially pre-

sented, that the truth itself is apt to be lost sight of, or possibly to appear repugnant, from the exaggeration with which it is put forth, or the swaggering provincial manner, and the narrow self-sufficiency of the promulgator.

The larger object of the *Past, the Present, and the Future*, is to take a compendious survey of the history of mankind, in order to show how wrong and wretched everything has been and is, save in the United States of America; though even there one star differs from another in brightness—the more perfect developments, political, industrial, and social, existing east and north of New York, but Rhode Island being the model of the model republic. This survey is made in fifteen chapters, on a variety of subjects, but reducible to questions connected with industry, currency, or social and governmental conditions, especially in regard to Great Britain and her dependencies. The particular topics are set forth as follows, in the advertisement of the contents:

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| 1. Man and Land. | 8. Man and his Helpmate. |
| 2. Man and Food. | 9. Man and his Family. |
| 3. Wealth. | 10. Concentration and Centralization. |
| 4. Wealth and Land. | 11. Colonization. |
| 5. Man and his Standard of Value. | 12. Ireland. |
| 6. Man and his Fellow Man. | 13. India. |
| 7. Man. | 14. Annexation. |
| | 15. Civilization. |

A very important object in Mr. Carey's work, since the whole of his views are based upon it, is to overturn the theories of Ricardo on rent, and Malthus on population. This object is more or less present wherever the title of the chapter indicates economical discussion; but it is most elaborately argued in the first two chapters, on Man and Land—Man and Food. Mr. Carey commences by disputing the facts on which the respective theories of Ricardo and Malthus are founded. Taking an extensive but summary view of the history of cultivation throughout a great part of the world, especially America and Great Britain, he denies that the fertile soils are first cultivated. In fact, he says, it cannot be. In all wild countries, the best soils are either bottom lands on the banks of streams, requiring draining to cultivate them or even to live upon them in safety, or they are heavily timbered; and in either case far beyond the means of the earlier cultivator to clear or drain. *He*, in his isolated poverty, is compelled to resort to the thin soils of the uplands, which drain themselves, and where heavy timber has not depth to grow; for although the return to his labor is small, yet he can live by cultivating the high thin soils, while he would starve before he had prepared the better land for cultivation. As population and wealth increase, and implements improve, cultivation extends downwards to the better lands, which are gradually cleared and drained. Improved systems of agriculture follow increased wealth, not merely by the use of better implements and the rotation of crops, but by the modification of the natural soils, through mixing, as with lime, &c., in addition to the application of what is more popu-

larly meant by manure. In like manner he maintains, that so far from additional applications of capital yielding a continually diminishing return, the reverse is the case. To show this, he takes another historical review of cultivation; comparing the miserable return to a new settler or a semi-barbarian who has the choice of land before him, with the large yield upon the best-cultivated farms of Great Britain. He also denies that the landlord increases his income with the increase of population at the expense of profits and wages. The landlord's proportion of the produce, in an advanced and wealthy state of society, is *less* than when, during the middle ages, (or in Russia now,) he extorted what he pleased from miserable serfs; but his actual amount of the produce, his *income*, is very much greater; as Mr. Carey shows by statistics of the landlord's rent, and the probable wages and incomes of the agriculturists of England at different periods. From another historical survey he denies that the inherent virtue of the soil forms any part of Ricardo's rent. In fact, there is no such thing as a natural fertility of the soil, available to man, till he has developed it by the application of capital and labor; and these have to be applied pretty much in proportion to its goodness. So far from the landlord getting anything out of nature in the way Mr. Ricardo assumes, Mr. Carey maintains that the whole rent of a country is a very insufficient return for what has been expended on the land.

The whole land rental of England and Wales is about thirty millions*; which at thirty-five years' purchase, represents a capital of seven hundred and fifty millions. The wages of laborers and mechanics average about 50*l.* per annum. The landed property of England and Wales thus represents the labor of fifteen millions of men for one year, or that of half a million of men for thirty years. Let us now suppose the island reduced to the state in which it was found by Cæsar; covered with impenetrable woods, (the timber of which is of no value because of its superabundance,) abounding in marshes and swamps, and heaths and sandy wastes; and then estimate the quantity of labor that would be required to place it in its present position, with its lands cleared, levelled, enclosed, and drained; with its turnpikes and railroads, its churches, school-houses, colleges, court-houses, and market-houses; its furnaces, forges, coal, iron, and copper mines; and the thousands and tens of thousands of other improvements required to bring into activity those powers for the use of which rent is

paid; and it will be found that it would require the labor of treble the number of men for centuries, even although provided with all the machinery of modern times—the best axe and the best plough, the steam-engine, and the railroad car.

The same thing may now be exhibited on a smaller scale. A part of South Lancashire, the forest and chase of Rossendale, embracing an area of twenty-four square miles, contained eighty souls at the beginning of the sixteenth century; and the rental in the time of James I., little more than two centuries since, amounted to 122*l.* 13*s.* 8*d.* It has now a population of eighty-one thousand, and the annual rental is 50,000*l.*, equivalent, at twenty-five years' purchase, to 1,250,000*l.* We have never seen this land, but we have no hesitation in saying that if it were now given to Baron Rothschild in the state in which it existed in the days of James, with a bounty equal to its value, on condition of doing with the timber the same that has been done with that which then stood there, he binding himself to give to the property the same advantages as those for which rent is now paid, his private fortune would be expended in addition to the bounty long before the work was completed. The amount received as rent is profit upon capital, and is interest upon the amount expended, minus the difference between the power of Rossendale to yield a return to labor, and that of the newer soils that can now be brought into activity by the application of the same labor that has been there employed. Such, likewise, is the case with the rents of London and Paris, New York and New Orleans. With all their advantages of situation, their selling prices represent but a small portion of what it would cost to reproduce them, were their sites again reduced to a state of nature. The power of man over mere brute wealth thus grows with every increase in the ratio of wealth to population.

There is not throughout the United States a county, township, town, or city, that would sell for cost; or one whose rents are equal to the interest upon the labor and capital expended.

The readers of the *Spectator* need not be told that we think Ricardo always too abstract, and that *his* rent, practically, either never exists at all, or in such rare cases as to come to the same thing. All theories of taxing Ricardo's rent as a thing given by nature fall to the ground, because we never can tell what part is a return to capital, what is owing to site, or social improvements, towards which the landlord contributes his share, or what (if any) to the inherent fertility of the soil. The great feature of Ricardo's view is the law of a decreasing return to industry, deducible from the theory; and which we suspect is analogous in nations to the physical law of death. Improvements and other circumstances may retard this decreasing return, but, whether we look to the past or the present, growing numbers seem to induce a *competition* which continually diminishes the share of each man's labor, tending to accumulate wealth in few hands from the smallness of percentage profits, and to reduce the condition of the mass of population by reducing their wages and crowding them into cities. Connected with this, either as concomitants or causes, are an increasing corruption of sentiment if not of morals, and an effeminacy of body. This can be traced

* We know not whence this estimate is taken, for Mr. Carey seldom quotes his authorities; but, though sufficient for the purpose in view, it does not seem to be correct, or grounded on any authority. The rental of landed property in England and Wales, assessed to the poor-rate for 1841, is given in the *Statistical Companion* as 32,655,137*l.*; but the rackrent is rarely if ever taken as the assessment for the poor-rate—sometimes it is less than the real rent by a third or a fourth. The annual value of land assessed to the income-tax, in 1842-43, is in the same book given as 40,167,088*l.*; from which land owned by persons with less than 150*l.* a year was excluded—that is, when the owners took the trouble of getting it discharged from assessment. Thirty millions, therefore, is evidently much too low; on the other hand, five-and-thirty years' purchase is clearly too high an average; but the error does not affect the main argument.

universally throughout the ancient world, under the old régime of France, and generally throughout Europe before the French revolution; the effects of which convulsion were almost analogous to a barbarian invasion. Bad laws, bad institutions, and the corruptions which flow from them, may aggravate these evils; but neither history nor science, neither facts nor reasoning, as yet prove that they can be averted by good. Certainly America, with her boundless field of industry still unoccupied, her *best* lands, according to Mr. Carey, still uncultivated even in the oldest states, and her limited existence of less than seventy years, cannot settle the question. If she could, we question whether Mr. Carey is the man to do it; from his deficiency in patient acumen, his dogmatic conceit, and his want of large and allowing perception. In the passage just quoted, for example, he mingles contraries. The only fair calculation of the cost of rent is the outlay upon the soil, or upon such improvements as directly profit it, and to which the landlord contributes his share. Churches, colleges, and so forth, have no business to figure in an estimate of the cost of producing rent.

The population theory of Malthus stands or falls with the theory of Ricardo. The produce of land—food and raw materials—governs all industrial returns: and if those returns at any time begin to diminish in reference to the capital employed to procure them, there must come a time when population will increase faster than food. To point with Sadler and others of his school to the waste lands and unoccupied regions of the world, is nothing to the purpose. We are speaking of what has been and is found practicable to the mass of men. The possible, that cannot be done, is unfit to form a scientific theory. Of what use are the fertile soils of the tropics or South America, till the Caucasian race can labor under a tropical sun?

There are, however, good points both in "Man and Land" and "Man and Food," worthy of consideration for themselves without regard to the conclusion into which the author presses them. Such are the following remarks on war as a means of keeping down the numbers of mankind. Mr. Carey is summarily tracing the progress of society.

Each chief now covets the power of taxing, or collecting rents from the subjects of his neighbor. War ensues. Each seeks plunder, and calls it "glory;" each invades the domain of the other, and each endeavors to weaken his opponent by murdering his rent-payers, burning their houses, and wasting their little farms, while manifesting the utmost courtesy to the chief himself. The tenants fly to the hills for safety, being there more distant from the invaders. Rank weeds grow up in the rich lands thus abandoned, and the drains fill up. At the end of a year or two peace is made, and the work of clearing is again to be commenced; population and wealth have, however, diminished; and the means of recommencing the work have again to be created. Meanwhile, the best lands are covered with shrubs, and the best meadows are under water. With continued peace, the work, however, advances; and after a few years, population and wealth and cultivation attain the same height as

before. New wars ensue, for the determination of the question which of the two chiefs shall collect all the so-called rent. After great waste of life and property, one of them is killed, and the other falls his heir; having thus acquired both glory and plunder. He now wants a title by which to be distinguished from those by whom he is surrounded: he is a little king. Similar operations are performed elsewhere; and kings become numerous. By degrees, population extends itself, and each little king covets the dominions of his neighbors. Wars ensue, on a somewhat larger scale, and always with the same results. The people invariably fly to the hills for safety. As invariably, the best lands are abandoned. Food becomes scarce, and famine and pestilence sweep off those whose flight had saved them from the swords of the invader. Small kings become greater ones, surrounded by lesser chiefs who glorify themselves in the number of their murders and in the amount of plunder they have acquired. Counts, viscounts, earls, marquises, and dukes, now make their appearance on the stage; heirs of the power and of the *rights* of the robber chiefs of early days. Population and wealth go backward; and the love of title grows with the growth of barbarism. Wars are now made on a larger scale, and greater "glory" is acquired. In the midst of distant and highly fertile lands, occupied by a numerous population, are rich cities and towns, offering a copious harvest of plunder. The citizens, unused to arms, may be robbed with impunity; always an important consideration to those with whom the pursuit of "glory" is a trade: provinces are laid waste, and the population is exterminated, or, if a few escape, they fly to the hills and mountains, there to perish of famine. Peace follows, after years of destruction; but the rich lands are overgrown; the spades and axes, the cattle and the sheep are gone, the houses are destroyed; their owners have ceased to exist; and a long period of abstinence from the work of desolation is required to regain the point from which cultivation had been driven by men intent upon the gratification of their own selfish desires, at the cost of the welfare and happiness of the people over whose destinies they have unhappily ruled. Population grows slowly, and wealth but little more rapidly; for almost ceaseless wars have impaired the disposition and the respect for honest labor, while the necessity for beginning once more the work of cultivation on the poor soils adds to the distaste for work while it limits the power of employing laborers. Swords or muskets are held to be more honorable implements than spades and pickaxes. The habit of union for any honest purpose is almost extinct; while thousands are ready at any moment to join in expeditions in search of plunder. War thus feeds itself by producing poverty, depopulation, and the abandonment of the most fertile soils; while peace also feeds itself by increasing the number of men and the habit of union, because of the constantly increasing power to draw supplies of food from the surface already occupied, as the almost boundless powers of the earth are developed in the progress of population and wealth.

Many other questions might in like manner be raised upon the remaining topics of the volume; but, besides the space their discussion would require, they are of smaller importance as regards scientific principle. One leading vice pervades the whole. Mr. Carey always *attacks* everything from which he differs, whether past or present, and not seldom in unmeasured language. The influ-

ence of circumstances, the laws of necessity, the apparent intentions of nature, are nothing to him. So far as we can see at present, the history of the human race has been one of progress; in which general conduct has been the result of circumstances over which the people of any given time could exercise little control, still less any then *undiscovered* systems of philosophy. Mankind has had to work its way to civilization and knowledge through evil and suffering and darkness; but Mr. Carey persists in bringing all the past to the test of an Anglo-Saxon standard, which, be it what it may, had been formed by the world's struggles of four thousand years. Sometimes he goes further than this, and falls foul of everything that differs from Careyism.

In addition to the fifteen chapters connected with the Past and Present, there is a resumé of the whole in reference to the Future; not with a view to predict what will happen *ex necessitate*, but what will happen if Mr. Carey's panacea of cultivating the richer soils and applying continual doses of capital to land be adopted. One great obstacle to this consummation as respects the Past has been the warlike, restless, and immoral character of the French; of whom Mr. Carey gives a very bad account, as husbands, fathers, members of society, and citizens of the world. England, however, has been the great bugbear—"who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies." Her system of landed favoritism—corn-laws, laws of primogeniture, and similar things to give a fancied benefit to the landlords—have diverted the energies of her people from the cultivation of the soil to manufactures and commerce. To support these, she has aimed at establishing monopolies by means of laws or fiscal duties; and whenever these have been resisted, she has gone to war. At present, or at least till very lately, she has been trying another tack by means of her enormous financial power, arising from her wealth, the extent of her demand for foreign commodities, and the Bank of England. She has forced her goods and her money upon the unfortunate Americans, and stimulated them to grow produce, from cotton to corn, as a means of payment. When this has gone on for a little while, a panic or a pressure has arisen at home; prices have fallen, loans have been stopped, and the disturbance of the London money-market has spread to America. The planter cannot realize half what he hoped for his cotton; a good season has made corn cheap in Great Britain, and the foolish people in the West, who have been producing for the British market, find their produce a drug; half the American merchants are bankrupt through the conduct of the Britishers and the Bank of England; and the states that have been inveigled into borrowing our money are compelled to suspend their works before they yield a return, and are additionally injured by being held up to the world as fraudulent repudiators. An analogous course, but differing in degree and circumstances, is followed as regards India, Ireland, and Poland. The people of these countries are driven to cultivate their

poorer soils, and to remain in the poor and barbarous condition which invariably attends such a state, in order to supply manufacturing Britain with food for her population, which they might raise for themselves by a more intense cultivation, or materials of manufacture, which would not be wanted to anything like the present extent if they applied their industry to raising food. The remedy for this is, perfect freedom—freedom of trade, freedom of industry, freedom of banking, (but with a metallic standard, as we infer,) and freedom from monopolies, privileges in favor of land, and the expenses of lawyers. Mr. Carey thinks we have made a beginning in these things, under Sir Robert Peel; but, to make assurance as regards America doubly sure, he offers an odd suggestion for an advocate of perfect freedom—to prevent the British policy and practice from stimulating young men to scatter themselves over the poorer soils and emigrate from the older states to the west, he would prevent the importation of British manufactures by means of high duties.

It will be seen at once from this outline, that Mr. Carey is a system-monger, with the extreme and onesided ideas of his class. Still, he is a large-minded system-monger, of extensive views, and well stored with knowledge, on which he has reflected, and which he applies to a distinct purpose. His theoretical conclusions cannot be implicitly trusted, any more than his specific facts; but he puts forward many truths incidentally in the course of his work, and stirs the mind by many suggestions upon social and economical subjects, which passing events may bring into practical importance. For, we repeat it again, the present European revolutions are less political than social. In none of the countries where disturbances have arisen was general *tyranny* exercised; the most absolute power took the form of rule, and personal freedom was not interfered with, at least in a manner likely to be changed. The real cause was a vague longing for a better economical condition, as in France; or a wish for a recognition of the rights of men—not in Tom Paine's sense, but as creatures of the same nature with the official class, not as mere animals to be fed and trained and *ménagé* by masters.

From the Spectator.

STEVENSON'S ACCOUNT OF THE SKERRYVORE LIGHTHOUSE

Is useful as an addition to our records of a difficult and dangerous branch of marine architecture; interesting as an account of the risks and hardships which men undergo in the construction of great nautical works—equalling in fact the suffering and exposure of mariners in expeditions of discovery, without being, as the seaman is, "used to it."

The Skerryvore Rock is part of a dangerous reef in the ocean between Scotland and Ireland, extending upwards of three miles in length, and lying in a westerly direction from Mull and Iona. In more specific terms, the latitude of the group

is $56^{\circ} 19' 22''$ north, and its longitude $7^{\circ} 6' 32''$ west: the distance from Iona is about 20 miles, from Mallinhead in the county of Donegal 53, and from the lighthouse of Barrahead, the extreme southerly point of the Hebrides, 33; in a westerly direction from Skerryvore the reef is open to the Atlantic: it consists of three main groups, and the Skerryvore Rock is the centre of the centre group. Some of the rocks are above high-water-mark, others are covered every tide; some are sunken, and on others, though "sunk rocks," the sea breaks. Between Skerryvore and the outlying groups there is a possible passage for vessels of a certain size at certain times; but the dangers of the vicinity are so great that as wide a berth as may be would always be given to the Skerryvore reef by those who know it. In fine weather, or in a storm, this cannot always be done, from the difficulty of recognizing the rocks; and at night of course no recognition can take place. Vessels sailing for the Clyde or the Mersey by the north of Ireland have the Skerryvore group directly in their course, and many wrecks have occurred upon it, though fewer, it seems to us, than might have been expected.

To remove this danger by erecting a lighthouse on the Skerryvore Rock itself, had long been a wish of the commissioners of northern lighthouses, or rather of Mr. Stevenson, their former engineer and the father of the author of the work before us. An act was obtained for this purpose so long ago as 1814; but the heavy expense, with the uncertainty of success owing to the nature of the rock and the sea surrounding it, diverted enterprise to other points. It was not till 1834-'35 that a survey of the reef and the Skerryvore Rock was made, and the island of Tyree, about a dozen miles distant, examined as a head dépôt and station for the works. The undertaking, however, was not really begun till 1838; when stones were quarried and prepared, and a series of small wooden chambers one over the other, supported by timbers in a pyramidal form and strengthened by iron-work—technically called "a barrack"—was erected to lodge the workmen during the building of the lighthouse. This erection occupied the summer and autumn; but in a heavy gale of the 3d November, 1838, the barrack was entirely washed away, having, it is supposed, been struck by part of a wreck. The commissioners and their engineer were nothing daunted by this first failure. The preliminary works proceeded during the winter and spring—that is to say, the quarrying of stones, and the forming of wooden models of every course in the intended lighthouse; for the stones were throughout to be fitted on shore and only put together and set in mortar on the rock. A new barrack was constructed as before, ready to be placed on the rock in the ensuing season. This was soon accomplished, the second time; and, with the excavation of the rock for a foundation of the building, the formation of a landing-place, and similar preliminary preparations, occupied the summer of 1839. The next season

was spent in a sort of apprenticeship to landing materials, laying the foundation, and carrying the tower about eight feet above the surface of the rock. In 1841, an addition of between forty and fifty feet was built; and in 1842 the tower was completed; though the inside fittings and the lantern were not finished till next year, and the light was not exhibited till February, 1844. In height, compared with the Eddystone lighthouse, the Skerryvore is more than double, and it is above one third higher than the Bell Rock, erected by Mr. Alan Stevenson's father; the respective elevations being—Eddystone 68 feet, Bell Rock 100 feet, Skerryvore 138 feet. The total cost of the Skerryvore lighthouse, including the opening of the quarries and forming wharfs at the quarries in Mull, and (as we understand) the formation of the harbor in the Isle of Tyree, was 90,268*l.* 12*s.* 1*d.* No life was lost by any accident throughout the operations. The necessity for the lighthouse is indicated by a few observations of the engineer.

In the course of my residence for four months on board the tender moored off the rock, I had opportunities of witnessing many proofs of the great necessity which existed for a light on the Skerryvore; and if I had ever entertained any doubt as to the beneficial effects of such an establishment, the experience of the season of 1839 must have entirely removed it. It often happened, that for several days successively, not fewer than five or six vessels of large size, both outward and homeward bound, were visible at distances varying from three to six miles from the rock; and much anxiety was often felt by us for the safety of those vessels, several of which approached so near the outlying rocks as to keep us for some time in the most painful suspense. On two occasions more especially, I was about to direct the steam to be raised in order that the Skerryvore tender might be sent to warn the masters of vessels of their danger, or if too late for that, to afford them assistance in case of accident. On the 29th of May a large schooner, and on the 13th of June a large brig, ran right down upon the western *outliers*, called Fresnel's rocks, (which were covered at the time,) and just put about in time to avoid striking; and on the 12th June, a fine foreign barque (apparently a Prussian) passed so close to Bo-Rhua as to leave us for a short time in doubt whether or not she had struck on it. On the 21st of June, also, a large brig came very near the rocks which lie off Tyree, at the base of Ben Hynish, in trying to avoid Boinsley rock, which lies about five miles to the N. W. of the Skerryvore.

Our outline of geographical position and dates furnishes no idea of the difficulties of the undertaking from the character of the rock and the effect of winds on its exposed situation. Notwithstanding a thorough knowledge of the reef and channels around the Skerryvore, derived from the elaborate survey of 1834-'35, with the use of craft expressly adapted to the service, a steamer built on purpose, and mariners experienced in the particular duty, the rock in some years could not be approached at all till late in the season. The work was always interrupted during a gale or high wind; the sea washing over the rock on such occasions, and oftener than once compelling

the vessel, on board which the workmen at first slept, to quit her moorings and run for shelter. When the barrack was erected time was saved in the passage and in landing; for men on the rock could work when a boat could not land. This saving of time, however, was dearly earned; for while the sea washed over the rock, the workmen and engineers were confined to the barrack, and a sorry time they had of it. This was the first specimen of barrack lodging on the Skerryvore.

Owing to the great difficulty of landing on the rock in the early part of May, (1840,) few opportunities occurred of preparing the barrack as a habitation; and it was not until the 14th of that month, that we were enabled to take up our quarters in it; and even then we were most uncomfortably lodged, as many of the smaller fittings which are essential to a wind-and-water-tight habitation had not been completed. During the first month we suffered much from the flooding of our apartments (upwards of forty feet above the rock) with water, at times when heavy sprays lashed the walls of the barrack with great violence, and also during rainy weather; and in northerly gales we had much difficulty in keeping ourselves warm. On one occasion, also, we were fourteen days without communication with the shore or the steamer; and during the greater part of that time we saw nothing but white fields of foam as far as the eye could reach, and heard nothing but the whistling of the wind and the thunder of the waves, which were at times so loud as to make it almost impossible to hear any one speak. For several days, the seas rose so high as to prevent our attempting to go down to the rock; and the cold and comfortless nature of our abode reduced all hands to the necessity of seeking warmth in bed, where (rising only to our meals) we generally spent the greater part of the day listening to the howling of the winds and the beating of the waves, which occasionally made the house tremble in a startling manner. Such a scene, with the ruins of the former barrack not twenty yards from us, was calculated to inspire the most depressing anticipations; and I well remember the undefined sense of dread that flashed across my mind on being awakened one night by a heavy sea which struck the barrack, and made my cot or hammock swing inwards from the wall, and was immediately followed by a cry of terror from the men in the apartment above me, most of whom, startled by the sound and tremor, immediately sprang from their berths to the floor, impressed with the idea that the whole fabric had been washed into the sea. The alarm, however, was very short; and the solemn pause which succeeded the cry was soon followed by words of reassurance and congratulation. Towards the end of the fourteen days, I began to grow very uneasy, as our provisions were drawing to a close; and when we were at length justified by the state of the sea on the rock in making the signal to those on shore, (at the hour fixed for pointing the telescope at Hynish on the barrack,) that a landing could be effected, we had not more than twenty-four hours' provision on the rock.

Comfortless as this was, the previous lodging on board the moored vessel was worse, as her rolling made the landsmen qualmish, and several, after a hard day's work, could neither eat their suppers nor get to sleep. "See some strange

comfort every state attend:" when the weather was fair, life at Skerryvore had its pleasures, if hardly earned.

The economy of our life on the rock was strange enough. At half-past three in the morning we were called, and at four the work commenced, continuing till eight, when half-an-hour was given for breakfast; after which it was carried on till two, when another half-hour was given for dinner; and the work was again resumed and continued till seven, eight, and even nine o'clock, when anything urgent was in hand. Supper was then produced and eaten with more leisure and comfort in the cool of the evening. Such protracted exertion produced a continual drowsiness, and almost every one who sat down fell fast asleep. I have myself repeatedly fallen asleep in the middle of breakfast or dinner; and have not unfrequently awakened, pen in hand, with a half-written word on the paper! Yet life on the Skerryvore Rock was by no means destitute of its peculiar pleasures. The grandeur of the ocean's rage, the deep murmur of the waves, the hoarse cry of the sea-birds, which wheeled continually over us, especially at our meals, the low moaning of the wind, or the gorgeous brightness of a glassy sea and a cloudless sky, and the solemn stillness of a deep blue vault studded with stars or cheered by the splendors of the full moon, were the phases of external things that often arrested our thoughts in a situation where, with all the bustle that sometimes prevailed, there was necessarily so much time for reflection. Those changes, together with the continual succession of hopes and fears connected with the important work in which we were engaged, and the oft-recurring calls for advice or direction, as well as occasional hours devoted to reading and correspondence, and the pleasure of news from home, were more than sufficient to reconcile me to, nay, to make me really enjoy, an uninterrupted residence, on one occasion, of not less than five weeks on that desert rock.

One of the earliest things to be done was the preparation of a landing-place, alongside which the vessels with the fitted stones and other materials could discharge their cargoes. This was partly effected by mining; and the simultaneous discharge surprised the Celtic "natives."

No inconsiderable part of the labor of this season was devoted to the clearing of the landing-place, which was formed in a natural creek; and in excavating the rocks in front of the line of wharf so as to admit the vessels carrying the building materials to come alongside of it. That work could only be done at certain times of tide and during very fine weather, and was therefore tedious as well as hazardous. After two entire days spent in cutting with a sickle, mounted on a long pole, the thick cover of gigantic sea-weed, which hid the true form of the rock from view, we were able to mark out the line of the wharf; and after all the mines were bored and charged and the tide had risen, and every one had retired from the spot, the whole were fired at the same instant, by means of the galvanic battery; to the great amazement and even terror of some of the native boatmen, who were obviously much puzzled to trace the mysterious links which connected the drawing of a string at the distance of about one hundred yards, with a low murmur like distant thunder, and a sudden commotion of the waters in the landing-place, which

boiled up, and then belched forth a dense cloud of smoke: nor was their surprise lessened when they saw that it had been followed by a large rent in the rock; for so effectually had the simultaneous firing of the mines done its work, that a flat face for a quay had been cleared in a moment, and little remained to be done to give the appearance of a regular wharf, and to fit it for the approach of a stone-lighter, except attaching wooden fenders and a trap ladder.

"Ce n'est que le premier pas que coûte." It has been intimated how quickly the second barrack was erected in comparison with the first; and here is another example of "practice making perfect."

In dressing one of the outside stones of the first or lowest courses of the Skerryvore tower, a mason was occupied eighty-five hours; and in dressing one of the largest of the hearting or inner stones of the same courses, fifty-five hours. But as the work proceeded, owing to the greater readiness which the men had acquired in the application of the moulds, gauges, and bevels, the time occupied gradually decreased to the extent of about ten hours for each stone, until the work had been carried on as far as to the thirteenth course.

There was not much opportunity for observation on living creatures, but what there was was not lost.

Amongst the many wonders of the "great deep" which we witnessed at the Skerryvore, not the least is the agility and power displayed by the unshapely seal. I have often seen half-a-dozen of those animals round the rock, playing on the surface or riding on the crests of curling waves, come so close as to permit us to see their eyes and head, and lead us to expect that they would be thrown high and dry at the foot of the tower; when suddenly they performed a somersault within a few feet of the rock, and diving into the flaky and wreathing foam, disappeared, and as suddenly reappeared a hundred yards off, uttering a strange low cry, as we supposed, of satisfaction at having caught a fish. At such times the surf often drove among the crevices of the rock a bleeding cod, from whose back a seal had taken a single moderate bite, leaving the rest to some less fastidious fisher.

Mixed with these generally interesting particulars are descriptions of a more technical nature, connected with the details of the construction; one on the fittest form for lighthouses, another on the manner of quarrying. Besides the account of the Skerryvore lighthouse, there is a very elaborate essay on the illumination of lighthouses; which, indeed, with some notes on their history, occupies more space than the account itself. The appendix contains various papers on topics connected with lighthouses in general, or Skerryvore in particular. Every topic handled in the text is very fully illustrated by maps, plans, and drawings: the quarto altogether forming a handsome volume beyond the means of private speculation, on a subject of importance, though of limited demand.

From the Spectator.

DR. ORMEROD'S OBSERVATIONS ON CONTINUED FEVER.

DR. ORMEROD has been for some years a close observer at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, both as student and medical officer; and he has been induced to give particular attention to the subject of fever. From the cases continually occurring in the hospital he has selected the most striking; arranging them under different classes; introducing the class by general observations; and then exhibiting the details of each particular case in its history, symptoms, and treatment, as well as the results of the post mortem examination where death ensued.

"What is fever?" is, like many other *origines* of medicine, a question more easily asked than answered. "Fever," says Fergusson, "is in a great degree peculiar to the human race, and never, as an idiopathic disease, affects the lower animals. The uncivilized man appears to possess, to a certain extent, an exemption; for the negro tribes feel little of malarious fever, and the Indian races are far less subject to it than the European." According to the same author, physic is powerless before it: "The battle is to be fought by the nurse, whether in the shape of physician or other attendant it matters not. * * * Fever will run its course in every climate and every constitution; it cannot be prevented; and so completely is its dominion established when once begun, that even the worst practitioner—that is to say, the one who interferes the most with violent remedies—cannot always kill his patient. * * * There can be no treatment of fever by physic but in studying the *juvantia* and the *lædientia* of the case—cultivating the first, eschewing the last."

Dr. Ormerod's volume will not throw much new light upon the nature of fever, nor, as it strikes us, do much towards establishing any large principle of knowledge or of treatment. Pure idiopathic fever is not, indeed, the main subject of his work; but fever complicated with other disorders, or with that worst of all maladies a constitution broken down by poverty, dissipation, or distress, and frequently by lesions of important organs: it also strikes us that sometimes the case quoted is merely one of symptomatic fever, originating in a primary disease, and not itself the primary disorder. Hence a want of general deduction, either in the author or in the facts of his book: the reader is scarcely able to grasp a principle. The book is strictly practical in the sense of being, so far as it goes, a substitute for practice. No description can ever be equal to actual observation; but Dr. Ormerod's cases are presented so clearly and in such detail, that they form a very good substitute; and, being all more or less remarkable, (though rarely as examples of idiopathic fever,) they furnish a curious collection of particular examples, from which Dr. Ormerod occasionally deduces practical rules of treatment, though rarely of extensive application. The only great rule is confirmatory of Fergusson's principle of treatment—

to study the *jurantia* and the *ledentia*. Watch the case, meet the symptoms as they arise, prescribe what agrees with the patient, eschew what disagrees, and leave the result to Nature; unless there is evident disease. Perhaps, however, the most important general deduction in the volume (for it can hardly be called a principle) is the care and caution requisite in dealing with complicated fever. Too much care cannot be used in endeavoring to ascertain whether the affection of an organ is primary and independent of the fever, or whether it may be induced by or is connected with the fever; too much caution cannot be used in actively treating such cases, especially in the undermined or shattered constitutions that form so large a proportion of hospital patients, or the poor in general.

In a literary point of view, the narrative of the cases, as we have already said, is clear, full, and succinct: the matter of the "clinical observations" upon each case judicious; and the expression plain. In the introductory or closing observations on each class of cases, Dr. Ormerod sometimes manifests an ambition of largeness of grasp which the result fails to support. Part of this may be owing to the formality of the college still adhering to the bachelor of medicine: there is too much of the schools in his style, which is somewhat cumbersome and involved.

From the nature of the book, it is of course rather professional than popular; but remarks may be found scattered through its pages that possess a general interest. The following observations on the premonitory symptoms which precede fever, and other complaints, is of this kind. It is not only medical men that can "from their own experience recall several such cases;" perhaps few, except the very robust, but must have felt the restlessness, malaise, pain, and what not, that precede a more definite indisposition. It may be a satisfaction to such, if not a comfort, to learn that nothing can be done during the incubatory process—unless, indeed, in slight cases, the desperate remedy of a debauch!

Patients are sometimes admitted suffering from what, after much puzzling, is set down as anomalous rheumatic pains. Treatment has little effect upon their ailment, as might be expected on such vague indications; yet they are obviously ill. Rest, and warmth, and time, are looked to for the accomplishment of the cure; and they do not fail us; for, in due time, fever or one of the exanthemata often makes its appearance, and then the patient with his fever, severe as it generally is, loses all his ailments. Probably there are few who could not from their own experience recall several such cases, where an attack of this kind has swept away all sorts of ailments, and preceded an uninterrupted enjoyment of health; as, on the other hand, it is sometimes its first breaking up. It is a very partial view which always looks on acute disease as a sudden interruption of good health: doubtless it often is so—the exanthemata themselves supply the best example of this occurrence—but is it that acute disease always engrafts itself on these anomalous symptoms, or that in it the acute disease already

often exists? The delicacy of the presentiment of coming events possessed by the system at large needs only a little observation to be fully appreciated. There is no denying that an attack of fever may be a very effectual though sometimes severe remedy for many intractable ailments—as for what there was undoubtedly of rheumatism in the last case—and that it really removes them, and does not complete them, as has been suggested: but the occasional existence of this delicate presentiment of coming disease must not be set aside because hospital patients will not confess to the lassitude, the uneasy nights, the capricious appetite, which mark the period of incubation of fever, when it is repeatedly found that tumors, emphysema, valvular disease of the heart, and pleural effusion, have passed unnoticed by them.

Such theoretical notions need not, however, embarrass practice; for it would seem that a disease cannot be treated during its period of incubation, did we even know what the disease was going to be: they should urge us to inquire more closely into the reason why our remedies do not succeed in an individual case, to be more exact in their application, and to feel at times our own uncertainty. It is occasionally necessary to suspend all treatment in order to a clear understanding of a case, and to withhold present relief from symptoms in order to their ultimate cure; but only on this consideration: for the study of disease must be subservient to the consideration that it is human life with which we have to do; and when we cannot see our way clearly, we must carefully feel it, that the patient may live or be at ease, for our knowledge must not be bought by his pain or danger. The rule for our guidance in the treatment of fever is simple: to do all that may be done to control painful or dangerous symptoms, keeping constantly in view that the patient may have to pass through a fortnight or more of a most exhausting disease, with all those specific local complications, the symptoms and treatment of which form so large and important a part of the subject of fever.

From the Examiner.

FUTURE PROSPECTS OF THE WEST INDIES.

It seems to us a conclusion inevitable, that the cultivation of the West Indies has, heretofore, been carried on at the cost of the people of this country. A monopoly was indispensable to it, not only in sugar, but in every other kind of exportable produce. Thus, with the cessation of protection, the growth of cotton and the manufacture of indigo perished in the West Indies, even during the slave-trade. Jamaica, with nearly prohibitive duties on all coffee but West Indian, furnished our principal supply of this article. It exported 18,000,000 lbs., which, with the loss of prohibitive duty, has dwindled to 7,000,000, while our consumption has risen to 37,000,000 of pounds; a quantity far exceeding all that the British West Indies ever produced.

It is the same thing with cocoa. Under the heavy weight of the protective duty, our whole consumption was West Indian, and by its removal we consume above "six times" the quantity that the British West Indies ever produced, with or without slavery or the slave-trade. The cultivation of tobacco as a staple never existed in our

West Indies, because the protection never was sufficient to force it. Cuba and the Philippines furnish us with more than 200,000,000 of cigars; Jamaica and Trinidad with—not one cigar.

For the incapacity of the West Indies to furnish a cheap supply of tropical produce to this country, in anything like approaching to a fair competition with other countries, some cause more effectual than mere scarcity of labor, which, it is allowed, can possibly apply only to two or three colonies, must exist. We have not the least doubt but that the great leading cause is the inferiority of the soils of our islands, and their small extent, in comparison with those of the lands which compete with them.

In Jamaica, for example, the same lands are planted over and over again with the cane; and since the cane is a plant of the same natural family with our cereal grasses, and as exhausting as the most scourging of them, the practice is exactly the same as cropping the land forever with wheat, without fallow or rotation, would be with ourselves. The cane crop receives, to maintain it, the whole manure of the plantation—indeed a stock of cattle must be kept for the purpose chiefly of furnishing it. This is like giving, with us, the whole manure of a farm to the wheat crop, and growing no green crop, which, every one knows, is execrable husbandry. The soil of Jamaica, thus treated, will yield two or three ratoon crops. But, not content with the whole farm manure, guano is imported from Peru to doctor the exhausted soil. A hundred weight of guano goes as far as a ton of short-fold manure, of which twenty, in this country, are an ordinary dressing for an acre of land. A ton of guano, therefore, which costs at least 12*l.*, is requisite in the West Indies to manure about three consecutive crops of cane. Thus, the very dressing alone, as will be seen below, costs as much as its weight of sugar in Cuba—that is, the whole of the first year's crop!!

In Cuba and Brazil, from the abundance of fertile land, the sugar cane is not always planted in the same grounds. When one piece of virgin soil is exhausted by cropping, another and another is at hand, almost indefinitely. No expensive stock of cattle is required to be maintained, because the natural strength of the soil requires no manuring. In a word, the planters of Cuba and Brazil are working with a better machine than ours, and can obtain the same results at much less cost. We are working with a fifty-horse power engine, which is always getting worse, and which it is impossible to repair; they with one of a hundred-horse power, which suffers no deterioration.

The report of the committee of the house of assembly of Jamaica, and which it desires may be embodied in a memorial to the queen, affords the strongest corroboration of this statement. It says that sugar cannot be made in Jamaica, to a profit, under 27*s.* a cwt., whereas in Cuba it pays well at a cost of 12*s.* Can any one be credulous enough to imagine that the enormous discrepancy of 125 per cent. in the cost of production, or even

one half of it, allowing for much exaggeration, is to be accounted for by the mere difference between slave labor and free labor; or, indeed, effectually in any other way than by the vast disproportion between the natural productive powers of the two soils! It might just as well be expected that an acre of land in England, producing sixteen bushels of wheat, should, through mere economy of labor, be able to pay the same rent as another yielding thirty-six bushels.

Now, as there cannot be two prices for the same article in the same market, however different the cost of production, except when factitiously created through a penalty on the consumer, it must, of necessity, follow, that the party producing at the greatest cost, will be undersold and driven out of the market. Such being the case, it is about as unreasonable to expect that the small islands of the British Antilles, should be able to compete, on a large scale, in the production of sugar, with the wide and fertile lands of Cuba and Brazil, as that lands with ourselves worth 20*s.* an acre, should, with the same labor, produce as many quarters of wheat as those that are worth 40*s.* There must, then, be a great deal of mystification in putting the present inability of the West Indies wholly on the scarcity of labor and the slave-trade. The report of the West India body for 1845, stated that the produce of an acre in sugar in Barbadoes, was half as much again as in Jamaica or Cuba; but, as it said not a word about the cost at which this result was obtained, the statement is good for nothing, except to show what a careful husbandry can make out of an indifferent soil, or that the people of Barbadoes, pinched for room, are more skilful agriculturists than those of Jamaica and Cuba, not so pinched.

Wherever fertile land is cheap and abundant, the cultivation is invariably found to be slovenly. It is only where it is scarce and dear that it is careful. The average produce of the United States in wheat is said not to exceed ten bushels to the acre, which is scarcely half the average of England; but that does not hinder American wheat from being sold to a profit at one half the price of English wheat. It is found, in all new and fertile countries, more profitable to cultivate a great breadth of land carelessly, than a small quantity carefully; and hence the quantity of produce obtained from a given surface is no test, either of the cost of production, or of the productive capacity of the land. It is the abundance of fertile land, and not good husbandry—for it is notoriously bad—that makes corn cheap in the alluvial plains of the Ohio and Missouri; and rent, having the same effect as scarcity and sterility, which makes the corn grown by the rude industry of Russian and Polish serfs far cheaper than what is produced by the skilful farmers of Lombardy, Belgium, and Kent.

It is in the same way that fertility and plenty of land enable such rude countries as Siam and Luconia to produce cheap sugar, and to send it to China, notwithstanding the skilful and laborious

industry of the latter country. It is the fertility of the valley of the Ganges which enables it to produce sugar, and the comparative barrenness of the Southern Peninsula of India which disqualifies it from doing so, obliging it even to draw its supply from the latter. But it is the high rents of the populous valley of the Ganges, which, after thirteen years' enjoyment of the monopoly of the English market, has limited its exportable produce to a poor 70,000 tons. It is the still higher rents of China, which, although it produces largely, disable it from exporting much sugar, and oblige it to import a great deal.

If, then, the markets of England and Europe should, as unquestionably they will, be open to all tropical countries, without favor or partiality, it is matter of certainty that a natural cause, which is insuperable, will prevent our West Indian possessions from competing in sugar with such countries as Cuba and Brazil. The restoration of slavery, or even of the slave-trade itself, would not enable them to do so. On the contrary, a great increase of free inhabitants would enhance the difficulty in so far as sugar was concerned. It would even make them, in due time, an importing country. But it would, in time, also give the proprietors of the land handsome rents—a fair and legitimate advantage. Such rents, we have not the least doubt, are at this moment in existence in the populous island of Barbadoes, and will continue to exist with or without protection.

From the Examiner.

WEST INDIAN AGITATION AND THE WEST INDIAN COMMITTEE.

THE accounts from the West Indies are more clamorous than ever. All their difficulties are charged to the Act of 1846, and its encouragement to slavery. There is no contending, it would seem, with the slavery of Cuba, the 100-horse-power soil of which, compared to their own little hand-mills, goes for nothing. The governor of Jamaica tells a deputation of planters that "The present distress which has fallen on the British West Indies arises in a great measure from the withdrawal of British capital from our own colonies, and its investment and more lucrative employment in the foreign colonies, where slavery still exists in full force and unmitigated atrocity." The first half of this opinion is true, and the last is transparent sophistry in so far as slavery affects the production of sugar. We wish that governors, before they make speeches, would look a little further than their noses. Are the eastern states of America, with their poor soil, ruined, because they have no slaves, and must contend with the industry of the southern, that have four millions of them? Is it impossible to produce wheat in the western states of the Union in competition with the eastern, because wages are higher and the population but one tenth part as dense? The eastern states of America, according to the Jamaica theory, must have been long ago ruined by the

competition of the southern and western; and so they would, if they had insisted on growing nothing but wheat and maize and tobacco, as our West Indies on growing nothing but cane and coffee and cocoa. We appeal to notorious facts and common sense against this slave crotchet. The West Indians must turn their hands to other modes of industry, as the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers turned theirs to trade and fisheries.

The accounts by the last mail give us a curious insight into the character of West Indian claims. At a great public meeting held in Jamaica, and of the proceedings of which 1,200 copies are forwarded to England for the use of members of parliament and the public journals, the claims of the West Indies on the mother country are set down at one hundred millions! They were worth before emancipation, the statement says, £140,000,000, and are now reduced by imperial misconduct to a poor £20,000,000, which, with the £20,000,000 paid for the slaves, balances the account as we have stated it. It is difficult to convey an adequate notion of this tropical hyperbole; but we may say that the value set on the little isles of the British Antilles considerably exceeds the most extravagant estimate than can be framed of the fee simple of all British India, with its ancient population of 120,000,000, and that when Lord George Bentinck gets the legislature to assent to the obligation, it will add one eighth to the national debt, and produce £4,000,000 of additional taxation, leaving the West Indies (all but the happy planters) as helpless as they are now, unless they change their habits. If the West Indians will make statements in this style of extravagance, the British public will begin to think (contrary to truth) that they have no claim at all, and are only indulging in a sort of yellow-fever dream, in which they see nothing but English gold dancing before their eyes.

There is one other topic—to which the last accounts draw our attention—West Indian finance. Jamaica cannot make both ends meet, cannot bear its chain; and no wonder, when the ponderous chain consists of no less than four hundred thousand links. There is, in truth, an inherent vice in the West Indian taxation, even independent of its extravagant amount; and this, Lord Grey, in his despatches, has in vain been pointing out to their legislatures. The bulk of the taxation is a duty on the staple exports, which is pretty much the same thing as if we in this country raised the bulk of our revenue from a duty on our exports of cottons, woollens, and metals. As long as the West Indians had a monopoly of the British market, the party that paid all such taxes was the British consumer, who was forced to pay whatever tax West Indian extravagance laid on. With competition there is an end of this. If the tax be imposed the West Indians must pay it themselves. That however, cannot last long, for the impost, necessarily enhancing the high cost of production natural to its growth in a comparatively poor soil, will only add to the price when it comes into com-

petition with the untaxed productions of more fertile countries.

The recent tariff announced for Trinidad is an plustration. The export duty on sugar, for example, (there are corresponding ones for coffee, cotton, cocoa, rum, and molasses,) is there stated to be three Spanish dollars on every hundred pounds' weight, which is equal to 14s. per cwt. If this really be true, and the daily press do not mislead us, the cost of producing Trinidad sugar is enhanced in reference to the English market by a sum which exceeds the whole cost of producing the same quantity of sugar in Cuba, according to the report of the West Indians themselves. Here, then, we have a local tax imposed on the staple produce of the colony, which more than doubles its natural cost, or at least its natural cost compared with that production which is to come into competition with it; and all this is done, too, at the moment when there is a loud call for protecting the West Indies by a ten-shilling duty on foreign sugar. Is not this a case of downright suicide?

We had written thus far when Lord George Bentinck's report made its appearance. Its recommendation is that the duty on British East and West India sugar should be reduced to 10s. a cwt., and that on all others, free and slave labor alike, it should be 20s.; the arrangement to be in force for six years. Lord George would have gone further; this is the proposition of the mayor and member of Liverpool, Sir Thomas Birch, Knt. Let us see to the consequences of its being adopted by the legislature.

If the duty be effectual for its purpose, or what its authors mean it to be, it will raise the price of every cwt. consumed by the sum of 10s. It will, in fact, be the payment of a bounty to this amount on growing sugar in the narrow and barren soils of the British West Indies; and the bounty so paid will be exacted from the British consumer in the shape of a tax on a necessary of life, at once burthensome to himself and injurious to commerce.

Last year, notwithstanding the distress of the country, our consumption of raw sugar was, from the fall of price produced by freedom, the largest ever known, viz., 5,791,783. Let us only take it on the average of the next six years at six millions, although that is greatly to underrate it, and we shall find the three months' labors of the committee ending in a proposal to tax the nation to the amount of £3,000,000 a year, and to that of £18,000,000 for the whole period!

Meantime the treasury is called upon to make a sacrifice of about 4s. of duty on every cwt. of colonial sugar consumed. Last year this was 4,815,293 cwt., so that the loss to the exchequer in one year will be above £963,000, and in six years close on £6,000,000.

Further, every poor man, who uses a cwt. of Muscovados a year in his family, will have to pay a contribution of ten shillings out of wages, say of £30, which will be equal to an income-tax of above 16 per cent.! This particular view of the

question did not, we hope, occur to the wealthy men who spoke so glibly about British generosity in the congenial locality of the London Tavern.

Then, as to the West Indies, if their own statement be true, they can receive no benefit from the bounty of 10s., which they are so solicitous about. Cuba, by their own statement of facts, will still produce sugar by 5s. a cwt. cheaper than they can do; and, with a profit of this amount on 12s. worth, or above 40 per cent., the Cubans will still drive a very handsome trade, both in sugar and slavery. The only sure effect of the enormous demands made on the people of England will be, that the West Indians will be seduced by the bounty to continue a system intrinsically vicious and incurable, and that at the end of the six years they will be more needy and helpless than they are at this moment.

The needy intellects of the monopolists have given birth, in the course of the present discussion, to one figment, which may be noticed as a curiosity. If the East and West Indies, say they, should cease to produce a supply of sugar, we should be at the mercy of foreigners, and the price of sugar would be higher than it ever was under the monopoly. When all the fertile lands within and about the tropics, some 30° on each side of the equator, are fully peopled, (at present they are, for the most part, under-peopled or not inhabited at all,) the price of sugar will rise, but not until then. The anticipated catastrophe which is to follow freedom will assuredly not happen for several centuries to come, and, in the mean while, through improved modes of culture, manufacture, and transport, the certainty is that the price of sugar will fall, and not rise. We had similar predictions about corn from the same infallible soothsayers, and the answer to them was the importation, on the shortest notice, hardly indeed on any notice at all, of some thirty millions' worth of grain; a fall of price within the year to one half; and an escape from famine. We had similar vaticinations about wool, timber, tea—everything. In their superstitious passion for mystification our magicians are never done blundering!

COLONIES.—Grant the process of converting the colonies from encumbrances into supports, and the colonial office would cease to possess even an apparent value. A new office would, indeed, be necessary, to manage the relation between the mother country and the colonies; but its duties would be so different from those of the present office, that the experience of the members would unfit them rather than qualify them for employment under the new system. In order, therefore, to keep up the colonial office, it is necessary to keep up the system of starving the colonies, upholding incapable or oppressive governors, and fencing with just claims.

Both colonies and mother country pay dearly for the maintenance of the Downing street office. Among the most obvious and notorious consequences are such things as long Caffre wars; Canadian rebellions; aboriginal wars in New Zealand; ruin

and discontents in young settlements, like South Australia before she outgrew the overlaying of the colonial office; incessant disputes; incessant shifting of governors; endless expenses for staffs of officers, for inquiries, for compensations, loans, &c. &c.; immense expenditure for troops to keep down the colonies lest they rebel, and to keep up the colonies against foreign aggression—to resist which, no one would trust the loyalty or spirit of the colonies as they are now governed, thwarted, and stunted. All these consequences, and many more, have to be endured in order that the colonial office may be kept up; and it is a feeling of self-defence that makes the office resist any innovation, such as would result in converting our colonial incumbrances to be stays and supports.—*Spectator*.

ENGLISH LAWS.

In the house of lords, on the 12th May, Lord Brougham brought "the state of the law, judicially and legislatively," under the consideration of the house.

He divided the subject into these heads—first, as to the makers of the law; secondly, as to the making of the law; thirdly, as to the law made, or the fabric of the law; fourthly, as to the promulgation of the law; and lastly, as to the administration of the law.

Much, he contended, must be done to remedy the constitution of the house of commons, in regard to the representation of the people; and he admitted that much of the apprehension he had formerly entertained as to the fatal effects of throwing the elective franchise open to all mankind had, if not entirely dispelled, been greatly mitigated or modified by the extraordinary results of that most extensive experiment which had been recently tried in France. Laws are required to put down bribery and corruption, and to exclude insolvents, as well as bankrupts, from the house—gentlemen and lords by courtesy, who squander the property of their just creditors upon minions or mistresses, at the gaming-table, or on the turf.

Lord Brougham referred at some length to the lax composition of statutes, their bad style and diction; their imperfect reference to other statutes, and conflict with each other; to lax and sometimes corrupt use made of interpretation-clauses in public and private bills.

He proposed that a board of learned and diligent men should be appointed, officially connected with the government, not to have seats in parliament, but to be ancillary to both houses; and he should take away, in private bills, from both houses of parliament, greatly as the committees of both houses had been improved by the orders which he had prevailed upon their lordships to pass in 1837, all jurisdiction over matters of fact, leaving it to a professional judge to find a special verdict upon such matters, and that verdict to be conclusive, and that from that time parliament should legislate. Lastly, he should propose that

all questions not wholly but only *quasi* of a judicial character, such as cases of divorce, should not be brought to that house, but should be sent to a better tribunal, which had been reported in favor of by a committee of their lordships' house—the judicial committee of the privy council.

Glancing at the matter of the statutes, Lord Brougham enumerated many improvements which he would recommend, special and general—mitigation of the malicious trespass act; more certain definition of the Scotch marriage-laws; improvements in the laws of bankruptcy and partnership, in the law of conveyancing, of wills; he would introduce from Scotland "declaratory actions;" better methods of framing deeds, so as to simplify and shorten them, to save litigation and cost; he would appoint paid professional chairmen of quarter-sessions, and create a public prosecutor; and he would effect divers improvements in the procedure of the Court of Chancery.

In his impressive peroration, Lord Brougham besought the house to assist in preserving the constitution under which they lived; praying that he might die before the day which should terminate that constitution—the glory of this country, the greatest work of human wisdom!

In the mean time, he moved the first reading of a bill, entitled "An Act to amend and consolidate the Criminal Law of England, so far as it refers to indictable offences, and the punishment thereof."—*Spectator*.

STATE DRESS-MAKING.

"To make a dike is a great plot of state" in Holland; but in this country, it seems, the great officers of state turn their attention to the making of dresses, and parliament is constitutionally called upon to discuss "the fashions for May." The lord chamberlain has been detected in a manœuvre for the encouragement of British manufactures—unmindful that we have entered a free-trade era. He issued an order expressing the wish of the queen, that all the ladies who present themselves at the drawing-room, should appear in dresses of British manufacture; and Lord George Bentinck hails Queen Victoria as taking the lead in a protectionist reaction. Lord John Russell sees nothing in the order—nothing incompatible in this exclusive encouragement of native industry with his own abolition of protection—a blindness which only proves the remarkable independence of Lord John's mind from logical compulsion.

But who will rescue our gracious sovereign from her uneasy and not dignified position in the midst of these distracting councils? Formerly it was the set duty of the crown to protect native industry; and one can imagine the sacrifices that were made to that end. Next, the royal conscience was instructed to abhor protection, and be solicitous about free-trade. The affections were to be transferred, at the order of a cabinet council, from Derby silk to Lyons, from Nottingham lace

to Valenciennes—perhaps not a very odious transfer. The régime of free-trade is established, the importation of foreign dresses is decreed, the plans of royal dress-making are laid out over the whole face of Europe—but suddenly they are arrested by that hereditary minister and protectionist, Lord Willoughby de Eresby; who advises her majesty, that, in the department over which he presides, protection still prevails; and the royal dress-making is again sent to Bethnal Green. This is very distracting; and we do think her majesty's servants are bound to arrange, once for all, what are to be the royal convictions and gracious wishes upon the matter. At present, there is danger that the sovereign will continue to be graciously pleased to wish what Lord John and his free-trade colleagues pronounce to be destructive of this great commercial country, and at the same time graciously to commend what Lord Willoughby regards as equivalent to wholesale murder.

If the court is to be British, let it be so altogether. If the object of court pageants is to set the unemployed at work—if “drawing-rooms” are auxiliary to the parish work-house—let them perform that office effectually. There is no plea for Derby which may not be urged for Birmingham; British lace does not yield employment more than “British plate;” the gentlemen should forthwith have sword-hilts and buckles “[equal to] silver;” the ladies should blaze as bright as they might with Bristol diamonds; the regal and loyal cellars should be redolent of none but British wines, none but British brandies be known to British butlers. Every article may be found in its “British” equivalent; for which see the newspaper advertisements, *passim*.

The court has long been an old-curiosity-shop of antiquated British customs. The “champion” of its coronation is a living relic, of which other museums contain only the dead bodies; the beef-eaters are the remnant of the good old days “when mighty roast beef was an Englishman’s food,” and every state ceremony revives some habit of the past. Let the court now collect and immortalize specimens of the fading protection, and be the repository of all those products of “native industry” and “native talent” which are “British.” Splendor, luxury, and enjoyment might suffer; but to satisfy one’s conscience is always a pleasure, and we know that the sole object which the votaries of court gayeties have in view, is the welfare of the poor.—*Spectator*.

From the Spectator.

DISTRESS AMONG THE ROYAL CLASSES.

MORE of the royal classes thrown out of work! Prince William is distinctly repudiated by the Prussians, at least, for the present; and the Emperor of Austria has evaded. The pretext for the emperor’s evasion is, that repose has become necessary for his health. An official newspaper, however, had just before declared, that if he were to leave Vienna, his departure would be like the

flight of Louis Philippe; which had precedents again in the flight of Charles the Tenth, and many more. On the other hand, the emperor may be getting away from his revolutionary counsellors to return with more congenial aid—that of Russia—just as Ferdinand the First, of the Two Sicilies, returned to his beloved subjects with an Austrian army under Frimont. It appears scarcely possible that the emperor’s advisers have counselled any step so treacherous to his lawful successors as a flight, which might at once cause the disruption of the empire. To account for the evasion, therefore, there remains the alternative of a search for health, or one for aid.

There must be some common cause for the striking fact, that so many members of the royal classes are out of work just now. To say nothing of branches that have been set aside, like the legitimate branches of Spain and Portugal, or of those individuals who have been disgraced by the reigning sovereign, like Don Enrique of Spain, or the Prince of Capua, there are several real reigning sovereigns, and heirs presumptive, more or less in the state of having been discharged: Louis Philippe of France, and all his heirs—Ferdinand of Sicily—the Dukes of Modena and Parma—Louis of Bavaria—William of Prussia—the reigning Duke of Schleswig, and now, Ferdinand of Austria; besides various ministers, who were the Achateses of these princes. It is strongly to be suspected, that so many princes and ministers cannot have been turned out of place without some great overriding error. Possibly it was, that they actually did not understand their business—the business of royalty in the nineteenth century.

Royalty is of two kinds—despotic and “constitutional.” In the case of despotic royalty, which has hitherto held its ground on the whole of the eastern side of Europe, from the Baltic to the Hellespont, the function consists in the direct exercise of power, legislative and executive, without the intervention of any other authority; the sovereign making and enforcing the laws by machinery which he creates. Such power is possible in a highly cultivated community, if the numbers of the people be small; because, in such a community, the ruler can construct a subordination of comparatively numerous classes, pledged to the maintenance of power which serves their own interests. It is possible, also, in a numerous community if it be rude, just on the same principle which makes it possible for a child to master a horse—the bigger and more powerful creature not knowing its strength. But with the smallest dawn of political knowledge, it becomes unsafe for even despotic authority to oppress large numbers; and hence Austria had instituted in her outlying provinces, especially in Italy, a policy by which despotic power was supported through the coercion of individuals, while the large classes were fostered and conciliated.

Another cause had begun to operate very generally in despotical Europe. The immediate instruments of power, the nobles and upper classes,

had begun to feel the extension of political knowledge in their convictions, and those who sanctioned despotic authority were rapidly decreasing in numbers. This operation has been observed throughout Europe, even in the "constitutional" part. In Russia, the allegiance of the nobles is doubted; in Italy, the noble class generally swells the revolutionary and national party; in France, the nobles have become like the rest of the people; in England, the former "tory" party has absolutely disappeared, except two or three individuals, who remain as relics to mark the distinction between the past and present. A despotic authority, without its tory party in some shape or other, is merely impossible.

But beyond that change, in all the great countries of the continent, except the northernmost and southernmost—except Russia and Turkey—the people have felt their power; the horse knows the child that has bestridden him; and, henceforth, we suspect, despotic power, even with the help of armies, will be as impossible in Italy, Austria, and Germany, as it has long been in Belgium, France, or England.

Constitutional monarchy has been called a republic with the burden of a civil list; but its function is far more positive and distinct. In a country with a "constitution" such as that prevalent in Western Europe, the legislative and initiative power lies mostly in the elected portion of the government; the monarchy being charged with the duty of maintaining an executive machinery in constant readiness and activity, always fit for use through the political vicissitudes that are constantly occurring. It is a mistake to suppose that such a monarchy is only a "compromise" between a despotism and a republic; though it does perform the useful office of reconciling many prejudices which remain in favor of kingly power, while it also blocks out the hopes that may yet lurk among those of high genealogy, royal or noble, who might otherwise contemplate the seizure of any vacant throne, and the restoration of absolute power with a new dynasty. Such traditions and feelings survive among us, and a monarchy of defined power serves as a block to keep them off. But its distinctive and valuable office is, to act as the fixed depository of the active power of the state, by the help of which the action of the whole goes on smoothly, while parts are thrown out of gear, shifted, or repaired. The safety of the monarch, therefore, as in the case of any other public officer, consists in the due and decorous performance of those specific duties.

A number of royal and official refugees are now in England; and if the opportunity were seized by parliament to institute a timely inquiry into the causes of depositions, of revolutions, their success and failure, of constitutions and their inevitable approach, a number of well-informed witnesses might be brought before a select committee—Louis Philippe and his sons, Prince William, Prince Metternich, and M. Guizot, to say nothing of Don Miguel, the Count of Montemolin,

and Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. They might not all be willing witnesses, but once make them open their mouths, and the blue book thence resulting, could not fail to be equally interesting and amusing. Metternich on the fate of absolutism and its working; Guizot on closet statesmanship, in the teeth of facts out-of-doors; William of Prussia on military discipline, its omnipotency or otherwise; Montemolin and Miguel on legitimacy, its prospects and profits; Louis Philippe on the comparative opportunities and advantages of private life and royal life—all such evidence would be pregnant with instruction. From Metternich, Guizot, and other intelligent persons who might be called upon, very useful information might be drawn, as to the capacity of the royal classes generally, for fulfilling the duties of constitutional monarchy in Europe; because, if some of the ex-despots are really incapable of being promoted to the more exalted post of constitutional sovereigns—and we believe that some *are* quite incapable—it would be a saving of trouble to ascertain the fact, and to seek substitutes elsewhere; for, truly, Europe ought to be put in order as soon as possible, to consolidate its just constitutional power against the reactionary inroads from the north, by which it will be menaced so long as anarchy, and the pretensions of the royal classes out of work, afford a pretext for Russia to march in.

From the Spectator of 17 June.

MEN FOR THE TIMES.

It is not a constitution, so much as a man, that is wanted in France. The national assembly takes its time about a constitution; but the slightest glimpse of a man equal to the times is hailed with exuberant delight. M. de Lamartine, who could fold his arms before an enraged multitude and improvise finished little orations to any sort of deputation, from the patriots of Italy to the pork-butcher of Paris, was seized upon as national property, and hastily counted among the great. M. Clement Thomas draws his sword with promptitude and vigor, and he is hurried to the command of the national guard. Still there wants a man—the man who can be perfectly "master of the situation." All sorts of persons offer themselves, royalties legitimate and illegitimate, old officers, statesmen out of place, and "gents" of every description; every man of the Bonaparte family has hopes, and Prince Louis Napoleon goes back to France as the moth goes back to the candle. All these persons "want situations;" but not one of them is master of the situation. The most that the Brummagem Napoleon can do is to raise a little passing trouble—unless, indeed, among his great works be counted his having evoked a new man. The coming of the Napoleon created some undue alarm for the republic, until the terse and energetic words of General Cavaignac restored confidence to the assembly. They did more; the assembly not only felt assured against being swallowed up by the Napoleon but also hastened

to the delightful conclusion that at last it had found a man.

Perhaps it may be so. General Cavaignac has not the worse chance as a statesman for having been familiar with the sword. France has had enough of literary statesmen. M. Guizot's departure is not regretted; M. Thiers' return is not welcomed. It is not critics that France wants, or commentators.

There is scarcely a land in Europe where the same urgent want is not felt—the want of a man. Prussia, hesitating between King Frederick William and King Maximilian, is scarcely a more humbling spectacle for the nations, than England hesitating between Lord John Russell and Lord George Bentinck. The art of statesmanship seems almost defunct in Western Europe, or degenerated into the mere trick of bureaucracy. A competent knowledge of clerkship—"the diplomatic art of keeping office."

There are reasons for this degeneracy. One is the excessive complication of public affairs, with that division of employments that has ensued on the growth of commercial ideas. Till a very recent period the great statesmen have been men of action as well as men of council; and often, too, they have been among the leading minds of their country—have belonged to that class which is now represented by the literary class. Our extreme subdivision of employments has separated our men of council from our men of thought and our men of action; a division that is by no means an un-mixed advantage. If you scamp over the names of the greatest statesmen—those who have wielded the destinies of kingdoms or founded empires—such men as Solomon, Lycurgus, Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Macchiavelli, Alfred the Great, Cromwell, Leopold of Austria, Washington, Bonaparte—you will find men of council who have mostly been familiar with the sword, or in habits of closest intimacy with warriors and practically acquainted with military affairs; and you will find that almost all of them—all perhaps of the greatest—have been men of books, if not familiar with the pen. Great statesmen to the most recent times have been men who brought to the practical conduct of affairs habits of philosophic study, however bold and rapid, and habits also of vindicating their purpose by the roughest means. They were men who brought into the office some theory from the closet, and from the field a hand strengthened in the bending of other wills by the exercise of the sword—a head to shape, and a hand to force.

We feel the effect of the later subdivision in what seems the impossibility among our statesmen of grasping the affairs of the nation as a whole, and of enforcing their own determination. It seems as though our statesmen could only contemplate parts of public affairs, departmental business: their minds are mechanized to a routine; they cannot escape from technical usage; they are incapable of taking up a subject from its beginning, and they cannot carry it out to the end. They

can make speeches, and they can introduce bills; but they have so far forgotten the real art of statesmanship, that they affect to repudiate books and the sword of power.

We have among us, indeed, one statesman who has been a man of action, and he is a man of personal influence; but from the want of that warmth of intellectual temperament which is called enthusiasm, it so happens that he is a man incapable of imparting his own emotions to others. He remains a fact; the estimation in which he is held induces many to follow him on specific measures, and he has been known to hold a pocketful of "proxies;" but he has no effect in changing the emotions or creating the opinions of any class of statesmen around him.

We have another who cannot be said to be a man of action, who is not given to abstract studies, and who for those reasons probably did not awaken until a late period in his career to a sense of his own power. He has done a good portion of work—more than his own share as it might be allotted amongst living men; but he is the only specimen amongst us of the statesman trained in the conduct of affairs who brings to them official habits, broad historical views, and the will to act. We have no other.

Perhaps it is in Italy in which there is the greatest promise of men equal to the times; and there we observe too, that, by the concurrences of various fortunate circumstances, the statesmen are men of action and men of cultivated mind. The statesmen of Italy in 1848 may be painted, as so many statesmen were in other times, with a sword in one hand and a book in the other. The long peace, with its elaborately developed commerce, has brought us many blessings; we ought to be alive to some of its disadvantages.

From the Examiner of the 17th June, (before the revolt.)

M. LAMARTINE AND THE REPUBLIC.

THE French government is the Jack of all Trades proverbially master of none, and especially not of government. The more it cannot govern, the more it wants to do other things. Imagine our own government, besides tailoring, shoemaking, &c., turning proprietor of Waterloo Bridge; purchaser of the Eastern Counties Railroad; taking into its own hands Mr. O'Connor's national land company scheme; conducting all the omnibusses and penny steamboats; and, above all, undertaking the management of all the theatres that cannot live on native talent.

The French theatres have become so deserted that they threaten to close unless the government does something for them, and the government, it is announced, propose, by way of doing something for them, to do for them completely by managing them itself. This would be the greatest of all mistakes. The government is, in truth, the great rival, the successful rival, the destroying rival of the theatres.

On conspire sur la place applied once to the

French people, but now they do not conspire, but play dramas on the place a vast deal more exciting than the performances at the Porte St. Martin, or Dumas' theatre. The stage of Paris is now in its streets, or in its tribunes—anywhere but in the play houses. What an exquisite *pièce de circonstance* was M. Lamartine's appearance, pale and agitated, in the chamber, calling for a proscription, because a pistol had gone off and hurt a national guard contemporaneously with a cry for Louis Napoleon! What a burlesque on the same occasion was the display of military force, the galloping up and down, and the charges in double quick time upon the lounging cockneys who did not run away fast enough!

M. Lamartine's vigor and rigor have come in very odd season. They are, as the French would describe it, an anachronism. They should have been put forth in the days of Barbès, and Blanqui, and Sobrier. But M. Lamartine missed his time, and is now making the vain endeavor to "play an after-game of reputation." The sudden, causeless energy, after the proper time for it, is as the French proverb expresses it, "after meat, mustard." There was a period when M. Lamartine could have sustained the character of the revolution and the republic; when, with the power of the middle classes at his command in the cause of order, he could have crushed anarchical designs, and created confidence in the wisdom and strength of the government, and a reliance on its sufficiency to secure the public peace against all machinations. It failed to do this; on the contrary, it appeared to connive at or to favor anarchical aims and enterprises; it furnished the ruffian Sobrier with arms; it gave Louis Blanc a pass to communicate with his confederates in Vincennes; its minister of police liberated prisoners by the shoal, without inquiry; it showed itself either afraid to repress and punish, or in covert complicity with the disturbers. What the game could be none could distinctly divine, but whatever it was, one thing was clear, that ministers were playing foul for some end or other.

Well, by these signs of weakness or of worse, the government worked the republic into disgrace and odium with a large portion of the public. What was the consequence? The claims of pretenders gathered strength, the family of Napoleon, the descendant of the elder branch of the Bourbons, the sons even of Louis Philippe, began to be thought of and talked of, and to obtain partisans.

The favor of these pretenders is the direct offspring of M. Lamartine's truckling policy. It is his holding with the hounds and running with the hare that has brought him in face with the new elements of trouble and strife.

In the vain attempt to keep the chiefs of parties in hand he has broken up and frittered into conflicting divisions the popular basis of the republic. He has held together a discordant ministry, and in so doing he has disbanded a people, and split them into antagonist sections. He has produced a feeling of insecurity in which, as the drowning snatch

at straws, any name has been snatched at which gave hope of a man capable of governing by prestige of any kind.

When M. Lamartine called for the proscription of Louis Napoleon, he uttered the condemnation and opprobrium of his government. It could only be because M. Lamartine had been so dangerously weak that Louis Napoleon had become so dangerously strong. It was because M. Lamartine had caused people in despair to look out for any man to make head against waste and anarchy, that voices were raised for the revival of dynasties as a refuge against a Jacquerie. The assembly magnanimously negatived the proposal of proscription, holding it too shameful to avow that the weal or woe of the country depended on the absence or presence of an individual; and it remains to be seen whether Messrs. Lamartine and Ledru-Rollin have reduced the republic so low that it must sink under the mere *nomini's umbra* of a great man. Well could it have been if M. Lamartine's fears had come upon him sooner with the extreme measures prompted by them; well would it have been if he could have screwed his courage to the sticking place of putting aside M. Ledru-Rollin and M. Louis Blanc, and of putting down the brutal Sobrier. Had these services been rendered at the time demanding them, the republic would have possessed the confidence and attachment of the people, and not a thought would have been given, no eyes turned, to pretenders.

It has been said, with more than a play on words, that M. Lamartine has proved more evolutionary than revolutionary. He has indeed been exhausting himself in personal finesses when the occasion called for the broadest of broad policy for the creation of confidence. All his art has been exhausted to keep in position with the man who filled moderate France with the direst apprehensions. Yet it is not to be denied that M. Lamartine acquitted himself nobly in the earlier passages of the revolution, but he has not proved equal to its continuous strain upon his energies. As Bacon says, there are minds like milk, which will only bear one skimming.

The association with M. Ledru-Rollin was most unfortunate; the one a man of purpose, the other of genius. In all such trials, if prolonged, the man of will, in the long run, will prevail against the man of reason, for the will never tires, the reason does, and it succumbs to dogged obstinacy.

Many scornful allusions have been made to Louis Napoleon, and we, for our own part, have not been sparing in our comments on his silly attempts at Strasburg and Bourlogne. He has had his follies, but it is most unjust to take the measure of his character from those follies, and all who know him will agree that, apart from his pretense, which has latterly been in abeyance, he is a thoroughly sensible and well-informed man. He has had much prejudice to encounter, and not unnaturally, but he has overcome it, in whatever circles he has moved, by his good sense, his urbanity, and unaffected manners. Whether he is the

man for the destinies of France may be discussed without a personal disparagement, which is really as little necessary to the solution of the question as it is undue.

From the Examiner.

SLAVONIC NATIONALITY.

THE country which seemed most menaced by the revolution of February, 1848, was certainly Russia. It is now manifest that the country likely to draw most immense advantages from that revolution, is precisely this same Russia. The events and consequences of the February movement have, indeed, emancipated Germany. But they have, at the same time, created a schism and a separation between the Slavonic and German population of Central Europe, which, we fear, will never permit them to unite again.

It is well known that Bohemia has established a provisional government, animated by the Slavonic spirit, and that this government keeps itself independent alike of the emperor of Austria at Innspruck, the revolutionary government at Vienna, and the German congress at Frankfort. Some of the German districts of Bohemia have sent delegates to Frankfort, but the provisional government of Prague disavows and protests against such delegation.

The greater part of Silesia is of the Bohemian mind. The division of Posen into German and Polish districts is established *de facto* and *de jure*. In Moravia, Hungary, and Illyria, Slavonianism is awake and in arms. And there seems no hope for Austria—no means of preventing its sinking into the old insignificant German duchy, except to merge its German element altogether in the Slavonian.

Whatever course, however, events may take—whatever policy princes may adopt, the separation and rivalry between German and Slavonian seems inevitable. And this not only renders Russia secure from attack, but gives her immense power for the subjugation of Germany, provided the czar's government is conducted with its usual prudence. The Slavonians, it is evident, are in that stage of civilization when nationality is ever dearer than freedom; and Russia is better placed to favor and to flatter Slavonian nationality than Germany.

Were the Duke of Leuchtenberg at this moment declared king of Poland, and constitutional freedom, even of a very guarded kind, established, it is probable that this new sovereignty would draw to it not only Posen and Galicia, but Bavaria, Moravia, and a great part of Silesia. The emperor of Russia has, in fact, the game in his hands, and the possibility is open to him of extending his empire, or an empire under his influence and protection, much further into the centre of Europe than Catharine the Second herself could have hoped.

Certain of the Slavonian liberals, dreading such a move on the part of Russia, have applied, it is said, to France; and M. Lamartine's govern-

ment has, we believe, sent both protests and advice to the German governments not to irritate the Slavonian population by incorporating them, against their will, in the new German empire or league. But both the movement and voice of France have been feeble and of little weight. At this very moment, the Germans are undergoing the shame of being driven, at the same time, out of Italy and out of Denmark. It is not to be denied, however, that if the Germans and the French united, their league would be a strong and a terrible one—more than sufficient to repel both Russia and Slavonia. Such a war, being one half of Europe against the other, and of the democratic half against the despotic one, would be a war of principle as well as of race, and would be one of the most fearful and momentous struggles in the annals of Europe.

In this critical position of Germany, it is unfortunate that the different districts were called to make a double election. The people have chosen all the rational and intelligent to go to the Frankfort assembly, and all the mad spirits have been selected for the Berlin one: so that, of the two assemblies, the Frankfort diet is moderate, and firm in resisting popular feeling, while the Berlin diet partakes of the frenzy of the mob without its doors. The real statesmen in the latter are not listened to, whilst the Frankfort diet seems quite willing to follow the lead of such men as Von Wincke. The choice spirits of Germany are, in fact, collected there. The consequence is, that the Frankfort assembly gains ground every day in the assent and adhesion of the Germans; whilst the Berlin deputies are losing ground and character so much, that an attack upon it by the military party from Potsdam, will, by and by, have to be considered an almost desirable event by moderate liberals.

The military party, indeed, both of north and south Germany, requires to redeem its character. That of the Austrian army has wofully declined with Radetsky and Nugent; whilst the campaign of General Wrangel, in Jutland, is so ludicrous—retreating before the mere mandate of the Russians, that the Prussians are overwhelmed with shame. And here, too, the revolution has given an immense advantage to the Russians, making over to them that protectorate of the Sound, and of the Scandian kingdoms that guarded it, which we had hoped to preserve independent.

HOPE.

AH, thou deceiver! Wherefore hauntest thou
With the so traitorous brightness of thy smiles,
Thy beckoning hands, and thy resplendent brow,
Hearts that would fain be callous to thy wiles!

The blank of desolation man may bear—

But he has Hope, and therefore comes Despair.

Away! we *will* not hear thee! Thou wert given

To torture peace, and to embitter strife—

To mock the lost with images of heaven,

And tell the dying of the joys of life;

Thou promise-breaking painter of false bliss!—

Thou Judas, that betrayest with a kiss!

The Maiden Aunt.

From the Spectator.

HAYGARTH'S BUSH LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

THAT wealth or costliness and power of entertainment do not always go together in real life, has been a subject for witty remark in all ages; but in the matter of books, one would think that the principle of "quid pro quo" should obtain, and the more you give the more you should get, at least in "copyright" publications. Mr. Murray, however, in his Home and Colonial Library, seems resolved to overthrow so reasonable an expectation. Hay's *Morocco*, the *Letters from the Baltic*, Ruxton's *Adventures in Mexico*, and several other books exhibiting travel or its results, when contrasted with the cost of far worse works in larger size, appear as if expressly designed to show that rich people are not only dull, but the patrons of dulness. One of the most living pictures of Australia was Mrs. Meredith's *New South Wales*. The best book, without exception, is the one now before us—Mr. Haygarth's *Recollections of Bush Life in Australia*. Lively, graphic, descriptive of man, animals, nature, and society, such as society there is, and with sufficient incident to animate the narrative, it possesses the interest of romantic action. Moreover, it conveys more useful information to an intending settler, than tables upon tables of statistics, or pages of historical or geographical compilation, that will never affect him one jot, or general gazetteer-like accounts of profits and prospects, that, from some ulterior purpose or sheer incompleteness, are likely to mislead him to his loss.

Contrary to the majority of colonial publications, *Bush Life in Australia* contains little or nothing that is not the result of personal observation. It is not, however, the narrative of a career, but merely of some characteristic incidents, which are either remarkable in themselves, or exhibit a general idea of Australian life. With these personal adventures is frequently mixed up generalized information; but it is pictured, not merely described, encyclopædic fashion. The accounts of sheep and cattle farming, of horse breeding, and other bush pursuits, do not seem an exact description of any one occurrence, but the general impression which many have left upon the mind; often enlivened, however, by particular anecdotes. *Bush Life in Australia* is not a portrait, but what the painter would call a composition from nature; Mr. Haygarth's sketch-book being his journal, which he determined to keep during his sojourn in Australia, not at the time with a view to publication, but in order to preserve the impressions made by new objects while they retained their freshness.

Of Mr. Haygarth's whereabouts in the bush, or his successes there, the reader learns little or nothing, except that his residence was to the south of Sydney, that he arrived in 1840, and continued in the colony for about eight years. He appears to possess the feelings and ideas of good society, and its tolerance for what the force of circumstances imposes. He has some Latin and Greek too, with the tastes and perceptions of an educated man. What are better than either social

advantages or opportunities, he has an observing mind, a sound judgment, and a disposition to make the best of things. He perceives in what comes before him the points that are worth noting; where they differ from his expectations, or from his ideas of what they ought to be, he inquires the cause; and he sees, under the darkest circumstance, something alleviating in the circumstances themselves, if they are not made worse by the supineness or misconduct of men.

Each chapter of the volume consists, for the most part, of a leading topic relating to bush life, which sufficiently, if not exhaustively, combines a general account with anecdotes and individual adventure. The topics are not selected in a forced or formal manner, but seem to spring naturally out of the author's experience. The first, for example, begins with Mr. Haygarth's journey from Sydney to his station; and its subjects naturally are, Australian travelling and its accommodations, with the scenery of the country, its indwellers, and the external appearance of the "station." Information connected with the buildings, extent, economy, comforts, hardships, and management of this station, follow, with sketches of the manner in which new "runs" are obtained, at which time colonial wits come into keen encounter. Society in the inland districts is described at large, with incidental sketches of "characters," embracing a very good account of bush-rangers; and to this succeeds an exposition of the various species of what is called farming, but which, in reality, is breeding sheep, cattle, or horses. The aborigines, explorations in the bush, incidents of daily life, and similar topics, are handled in their turn; and the book closes with some judicious advice to colonists, and some sound remarks on the necessity for moral and religious example and instruction to the scattered settlers. As matters stand, these are growing up without knowledge and without education, save what they pick up from their elders, who are very often old convicts. New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land are, perhaps, the only colonies, certainly the only modern colonies, entirely founded by government, and at an enormous cost; and their habits and their language are probably without rival on the face of the civilized earth.

Though many of the topics in *Bush Life in Australia* had been already treated by various writers, that does not diminish the interest of Mr. Haygarth's sketches; for it is not the subject, but the treatment, which attracts the reader. When the matter is drawn direct from nature, under the guidance of a quick eye and a good taste, it is a point of little consequence that various other writers have been over the same topic, if they have followed some common model both for their materials and their style. The three modes of stock breeding, and the excitement of cattle hunting, have often been described, but never with such fulness, spirit, and gusto. The characteristics of the animals, in their half wild state, have been studied, and are painted by Mr. Haygarth with

the precision of a naturalist. The aborigines are presented under a more truthful light than usual; their defects and abilities equally brought out. We have read before of the wonders of the *boomer* in native hands, but the following facts surpass expectation. Perhaps, on the confines of the land, the blacks are more skilful, and exert themselves more freely among friends, than before an exploring party.

The most curious missile is the boomer, which may unquestionably be considered the most extraordinary offensive weapon ever found in the possession of savages. It is a thin curved piece of wood, varying from two to three feet in length, and about two inches broad; one side is slightly rounded, the other is perfectly flat. When thrown, it must be held by that end which brings the flat side on the right hand, or outside.

It is only when thrown for amusement that the wonders of the boomer are fully developed. Whenever there was a camp of Blacks near our station, it used to be our great delight to assemble a few of the most promising of its inmates, and offer a prize, some tobacco or flour, to the one who acquitted himself the best with his boomer: thus pitted against each other in friendly strife, they would go to work in earnest, and fairly astonish the white men. Doubtful as it may seem to those who have never witnessed the feat, an Australian black can throw this whimsical weapon so as to cause it to describe a complete circle in the air; or, to give the reader a better idea of what is meant, he would stand in front of a tolerably large house, on the grass-plot before the door, and send his boomer completely round the building, from left to right; that is to say, it would, upon leaving his hand, vanish round the right corner, and reappearing at the left, eventually fall at his feet. The whole circumference of the circle thus described is frequently not less than two hundred and fifty yards and upwards, when hurled by a strong arm; but the wonder lies wholly in its encircling properties, and not in the distance to which it may be sent.

When forcibly thrown, its course is very rapid, equalling the speed of an arrow for about fifty yards, until it arrives at the point where it first begins to alter its course; thence it continues its career at about half speed, and so gradually flies with diminishing impetus, until, as usual, it returns to the spot whence it started. Its flight is not unlike that of a bird; and, occasionally, when great strength has been exerted, it hovers for a few moments before it falls to the ground, and, continuing its rotatory motion, remains in other respects quite stationary, much in the same way as a humming-top when it goes to sleep on the ground. A deep hurtling sound accompanies its course; during the whole of which it revolves with such rapidity as to appear like a wheel in the air.

By holding it at the opposite extremity, so as to bring the flat side on the left hand, a circle may be described in the other direction, *i. e.*, from left to right, for the flat must always be the outer side. But the prettiest evolution it can be made to perform is the following:—It is thrown with a tendency downwards; upon which, after having gone some twenty yards, one point of it tips the ground, three times successively, at intervals of about the same distance, rebounding with a sound like the twang of a harp-string; meanwhile it still continues its circular course, until, as before, it returns to the

thrower. This feat is more difficult to accomplish than that of sending it through the air, and requires all the thrower's skill: there is one precise distance, and no other, at which it should first strike the ground; for if it does so too forcibly, its progress is wholly arrested; and if, on the other hand, it is not sufficiently depressed, and fails to come in contact with the ground, its course is then completely altered; for, shortly after passing the place where it ought to have rebounded, it begins to rise, and towers up in the air to the height of about fifty feet, whence it falls down almost perpendicularly.

One of the most interesting parts is the chapter relating to the Bushrangers; who appear in Mr. Haygarth's pages less violent and brutal than in some other accounts; there are more conscience and consideration about the best of them, and a greater regard to the point of honor such as it is, than, we suspect, many of the sharp men among the colonists would display. After our author and his partner had been harassed, in the expectation of a visit from a gang, for so long a time that they ceased to trouble themselves about it, they were one evening surprised by the celebrated chief "Buchan Charley."

He had lately been plundering a store, and was most bravely apparelled; better, in fact, than many of us whom he came to rob. His dress consisted of a new moleskin shooting-coat, a gaudy waistcoat, with a profusion of watch-chain, cord trousers, and leather leggings; and he wore a "cabbage tree" hat, the ribands of which streamed fantastically over his shoulders. A powder-flask was suspended at his side, two brace of pistols were stuck in his huge belt, and in his hand he carried a short and highly finished double-barrelled rifle, probably the favorite Manton or Nock of one of our neighbors. He was a tall lathy-looking man, of about eight-and-twenty; and his countenance had an expression of calm determination, but of assumed recklessness rather than depravity.

"Well," said the bushranger, as he stalked into our little abode, "I suppose you all know pretty well who I am? Buchan Charley, as they call me. Now I'm not going to hurt anybody, if you're civil; but we want the money, arms, and horses; and those," he added emphatically, "we'll have. A nice place you've got of it here," said he with a glance at our book-shelves; "I could stay where I am all the rest of my life." This seemed to remind him of the fearful uncertainty of its duration; for he looked grave, and for a minute or two laid aside his effrontery. In fact, all this volubility only betrayed the nervous excitement it was intended to conceal, or perhaps under which he unconsciously acted; for nervous he undoubtedly was in spite of his assumed coolness. My leather hat-case attracted his notice; he cut asunder the band which fastened the top, evidently not in the spirit of wanton mischief, but because in his agitation he did not see the key, which was standing in the lock. His talk was chiefly apologetical, and calculated to regain as far as possible our good opinion. He rambled incessantly from one subject to another: the disjointed fragments of his conversation, when put together in a more connected form, gave us in substance the following history.

Ill treatment, he said, had brought him to his present situation. Having worked hard and steadily for several years, he had been paid by an "order,"

for which he could never get the cash, as the house in Sydney, on which it was drawn, had stopped payment, and he had no redress. So, finding that, in his opinion, "honesty was a fool," as Iago says, he tried its opposite; which soon brought him to a "road-party."

Taking advantage of a favorable opportunity, Charley made his escape, with a companion; turned bushranger; and was soon at the head of a gang. Then arose a serious question.

What sort of a life were they then leading? was it a change for the better, even after the horrors of the "iron gang?" No; Charley confessed voluntarily that it was wretched beyond conception, and that, if he could have formed the least idea of what it was to be, he would rather have remained in his fetters. Lurking in caves and fastnesses of the bush, the very silence of which drove him to think—his greatest curse; hunted day and night by the mounted police; prevented from sleeping, or even taking a meal in security, by the knowledge that they were always on his track, with "his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him," he was now more like a wild beast than a human being, and the never ceasing strain upon his mind was, he said, almost insupportable; but it was then too late to retract.

Yet there was courtesy even among bushrangers. About two years before Charley had become what he was, I had met him on his way to a station where he had been hired, and had put him upon the right road. This he remembered; and though he was now under what in a state of civilization would be called the "disagreeable necessity" of taking one of my saddle-horses, he promised not to injure him, but to leave him where he might be afterwards recovered, all which he duly performed. Had I on the above-mentioned occasion ridden by without noticing him, he would have remembered that also, and instead of leaving my horse in a place of safety, would either have shot him, as he or his gang served many others, or put him in some inaccessible part of the country, where he might not have been found again. We never know, in this fluctuating sea of life, when or in what manner a civility may be repaid.

STANZAS ON THE LATE REVOLUTIONS.

THE stars from heav'n are falling;
The earth with throes appalling,
And sudden strife is riv'n;
Believing, hoping, fearing,
We wait each moment's hearing;—
When shall we see appearing
That sign in heav'n!

The giant waves of ocean
Heave in such sore commotion,
The wisest start perplex;
Men's hearts within them flutter
At every word they utter,
And e'en in dreams they mutter—
"What cometh next?"

Doth not our duty call us
To take what fears befall us
As tokens!—mark ye how,
When spring's first branch is tender,
We feel time soon will render
A glorious summer's splendor!
So likewise now.

All that mankind were doing,
Before the flood's wide ruin,
That, in our sight they do:
Some bargain, some are thinking
Of eating and of drinking,
And some with love-ties linking
Themselves anew.

Hush! on our knees fall lowly!
Heard we not then the holy
Blast on the fire-lit air?—
'T was but the wild wind straying,
'T was but the sunlight playing:
We must not err by saying
"Lo, here! lo, there!"

These signs, though mighty, show not
That hour which angels know not;
Our Lord may still delay;
But no five hundred preachers
Could half so loudly teach us
As these wild tales that reach us,
"Watch ye, and pray!"

"Lay not up earthly treasures!
Seek ye more lasting pleasures!
Bring low your sinful pride!
And when one meets another,
Let each see in the other
A well-beloved brother,
For whom Christ died!"

As yet we live together,
With no sure token whether
We're marked to live or die;
But when the spheres are shaken,
Some only shall be taken,
The rest be left forsaken;—
Ah! which shall I?

Sharpe's Magazine.

COLD IN HUDSON'S BAY.—Mr. R. M. Ballantyne, in a lively journal of six years' residence in the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, tells us, that for part of October there is sometimes a little warm, or, rather, thawy weather; but after that, until the following April, the thermometer seldom rises to the freezing point. In the depth of winter, the thermometer falls from 30 to 40, 45, and even 49 degrees below zero of Fahrenheit. This intense cold is not, however, so much felt as one might suppose, for during its continuance the air is perfectly calm. Were the slightest breath of wind to rise when the thermometer stands so low, no man could show his face to it for a moment. Forty degrees below zero, and quite calm, is infinitely preferable to fifteen below, or thereabout, with a strong breeze of wind. Spirit of wine is, of course, the only thing that can be used in the thermometer; as mercury, were it exposed to such cold, would remain frozen nearly half the winter. Spirit never froze in any cold ever experienced at York Factory, unless when very much adulterated with water; and even then, the spirit would remain liquid in the centre of the mass. Quicksilver easily freezes in this climate, and it has frequently been run into a bullet mould, exposed to the cold air till frozen, and in this state rammed down a gun barrel, and fired through a thick plank. The average cold may be set down at about 15 or 16 degrees below zero, or 48 degrees of frost. The houses at the bay are built of wood, with double windows and doors. They are heated by large iron stoves, fed with wood; yet, so intense is the cold, that when a stove has been in places red-hot, a basin of water in the room has been frozen solid.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE HOLY LANCE.

THE Crusades were themselves a miracle of human enthusiasm, and we need not wonder at the narrative of miracles attendant on them which we find recorded by contemporary historians. Fanaticism was the mainspring of the first crusades, and fanaticism is closely allied to credulity and superstition. The spirit of the age in which they took place was favorable to the belief in superhuman manifestations; and the cause in which the crusaders were embarked was deemed so peculiarly the cause of Heaven, that no Divine intervention in their behalf appeared too astounding for acceptance. It is in the first crusade especially that we find most frequent instances of this superstitious credulity and fanaticism; for during it, the inexperienced rashness of the Christians oftenest brought them into straits, from which nothing but the invigorating belief in the marked favor of Heaven in their behalf could have sufficed for their extrication. In the later crusades we hear less of miracles, and more of warlike ability and knightly prowess: the old saying, that "God helps them who help themselves," found readier acceptance then than the narratives of prodigies. Among the marvellous incidents recorded of the first crusade, none were productive of such extraordinary and important results as the discovery of the Holy Lance—the story of which we have chosen as the subject of the following paper. The miracle and its attendant incidents will be found narrated at length in the work which we have used as our authority—the able and graphic "Histoire des Croisades," by M. Michaud.*

After a protracted siege of eight months, Antioch fell into the possession of the crusaders by the treachery of one of its citizens. It was high time. An immense host, such as the East can alone raise, was fast approaching for its relief, under Kerbogha, sultan of Mossoul, a warrior grown gray in arms; and on the third day after its fall, the mountain-slopes to the north were resplendent with the glittering armor of the Mussulman army, whose myriads soon covered the banks of the Orontes. The crusaders had had no time to revictual the city, and their foraging parties were quickly driven in, or cut to pieces by the Mussulman horse. Despite all the gallant efforts of their chiefs, they were unable to keep the field against their impetuous assailants; and in turn the crusaders found themselves besieged in the taken city. The citadel of Antioch was still in the hands of the enemy; and the sorties of its garrison, combined with the assaults of the besiegers, placed the Christians, as it were, between two fires. But an enemy more dreadful still was already among them. Famine came, with all its attendant horrors. The chiefs themselves were soon involved in the surrounding misery. Godfrey, as long as any provisions remained with him, freely distributed them to the army; but at last the brave warrior had to sell his sole battle-horse

to procure the barest means of subsistence. The horses themselves were next killed for food, and roots and herbs were eagerly sought after and devoured by the famishing multitude. Despair seized on every heart; the people hid themselves in underground vaults, and shrank from meeting their fellows in the streets. Antioch was like a city of the dead, or a place deserted by its inhabitants. The deepest silence reigned in the streets; and the stillness of night was only broken by the clangor of cymbal and kettle-drum from the Mussulman camp. Bohemond, left almost alone on the ramparts, strove in vain to rouse his men to defend the walls, and even gave to the flames an entire quarter of Antioch, to compel the inhabitants to bestir themselves. Misery and despair had brought apathy: spiritless, almost motionless, they endured the daily-increasing assaults of the enemy, who now redoubled their efforts in proportion as the prize seemed nearer their grasp.

All seemed lost. But at this fearful crisis fanaticism again woke up in the Christian army, and when all else had failed, saved it, even at the eleventh hour. Weakness and misery had made them superstitious, and prodigies and miracles were not wanting to revive their enthusiasm, and fill them anew with the confidence of victory. A priest, passing the night in a church, had a celestial vision, in which the Saviour, moved by the tears of the Holy Virgin, promised once more to aid the cause of the Christians. A deserter from the city had been met and turned back by his brother, whom he had seen killed in battle at his side, who assured the crusaders of coming victory; and who said that himself and the rest of the slain would rise up and combat in their ranks. To complete the general enthusiasm, Barthelemy, a priest of the south of France, appeared before a council of the chiefs, and revealed to them how St. Andrew had appeared to him thrice when asleep, and thus addressed him:—"Go to the church of my brother Peter at Antioch. Near the high altar you will find, on breaking ground, the iron head of the lance that pierced our Redeemer's side. In three days that instrument of eternal safety will be revealed to the eyes of his disciples. The mysterious iron, carried at the head of the army, will effect the deliverance of the Christians, and will pierce the heart of the infidels." Adhemar, Raymond, and the other chiefs believed, or feigned to believe, in the apparition: the report quickly spread through the army; and the soldiers said, one to another, that nothing was impossible to the God of the Christians. For three days the Christian host prepared themselves by fasting and prayer for the discovery of the holy lance.

On the morning of the third day, twelve crusaders, chosen from among the most respectable of the clergy and knights, met in the church of Antioch, with a number of workmen provided with the necessary tools, and commenced breaking ground at the foot of the high altar. The deepest silence reigned in the church; every moment they thought to see the miraculous iron. The

* Nouvelle Edition. 7 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1819-1822.

whole army assembled at the gates, which could scarcely be kept shut, awaiting with impatience the result of the search. The diggers had worked for several hours, and had reached the depth of more than a dozen feet, without any appearance of the lance. Evening came, and they had not found it. The impatience of the Christians was every moment increasing. Amid the shadows of night, that now filled the church, one more trial is resolved on. While the twelve witnesses kneel in prayer at the edge of the pit, Barthelemy leaps into it, and in a short time reappears, holding the sacred iron in his hand. A cry of joy bursts from the assistants; it is repeated by the army, who were waiting at the church gates, and is soon echoed in every quarter of the city. The iron, on which all their hopes rest, is shown in triumph to the crusaders; to them it seems a celestial weapon, with which God himself will scatter his adversaries. Every soul is exalted; they no longer doubt the protection of Heaven; and all demand, with loud cries, to be led to the combat.

Peter the Hermit was forthwith despatched to the general of the Saracens to propose to him a single combat or a general battle. His proud message was contemptuously received by Kerbogha, and the Christian envoys made a hasty retreat, to escape violence from the incensed Mussulmans. The chiefs of the crusaders prepared for battle on the morrow. The heralds and the priests ran through the streets to animate the soldiers; the night was passed in prayer and devotion; and the last grain of flour in the city was used for the celebration of the mass.

At length the day rose on this scene of warlike devotion. The wounded Raymond was left to keep in check the garrison of the citadel, and the rest of the army poured through the city gates into the plain. The sacred lance was borne by Raymond of Agiles. At the head of the army a portion of the clergy walked in procession, chanting the martial psalm, "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered." The bishops and priests who remained in the city, surrounded by the women and children, blessed from the ramparts the arms of the Christian host; and the neighboring mountains rang with the war-cry of the crusaders—"Dieu le veut!—Dieu le veut!" As they advanced into the plain, most of the knights and barons on foot, and many of the soldiers in rags, they seemed like an army of skeletons, so famine-struck were they all. The whole plain and mountain-slopes on the north bank of the Orontes were covered with the Mussulman battalions, among which that of Kerbogha, says an old writer, appeared like "an inaccessible mountain." But the enthusiasm of the crusaders set odds at defiance; the exultation of victory already filled them as they advanced against the enemy. Two thousand Saracens, left to guard the passage of the bridge of Antioch, were cut to pieces by the Count of Vermandois. The fugitives carried the alarm to the tent of their general, who was then playing at chess. Starting from his false security, Kerbogha

beheld a black flag displayed from the citadel of Antioch, (the preconcerted signal of the advance of the crusaders;) and ordering the instant beheadal of a deserter, who had announced the approaching surrender of the Christians, he immediately set about issuing orders for the battle.

Having forced the passage of the Orontes, the crusaders advanced down its right bank against the Mussulman host, which was drawn up partly on the slopes of the mountains, and partly in the plain, stretching from their base to the river. The Christian army was wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm: the most common occurrences seemed to them prodigies announcing the triumph of their arms. A globe of fire which, after traversing the heavens, had burst over the Mussulman camp, seemed to them a foresign of victory; a gentle and refreshing rain, which fell as they were leaving Antioch, was in their eyes a fresh proof of the favor of Heaven; a strong wind, which aided the flight of their darts, and impeded those of the Saracens, seemed to them the wind of Divine wrath rising to disperse the infidels. The army marched against the enemy in the best order. A profound silence reigned in the plain, which everywhere glittered with the armor of the Christians. No sound was heard in the ranks but the voice of the chiefs, the hymns of the priests, and the exhortations of Adhemar.

Of a sudden the Saracens commenced the attack. They discharged a flight of arrows, and with barbaric cries bore down upon the crusaders. But despite their impetuous onset, their right wing, under the Emir of Jerusalem, was repulsed, and driven back in disorder. Godfrey experienced greater resistance from their left wing, which rested on the mountains; but it, too, was at length shaken, and confusion spread through the ranks. At this moment, when the troops of Kerbogha were giving way on all sides, Kilidj-Arslan, the Sultan of Nice, who had advanced unseen on the reverse slopes of the mountains, suddenly burst upon the rear of the Christian army, and threatened to cut in pieces the reserve under Bohemond. The crusaders, who combated on foot, could not withstand the first shock of the Saracen horse. Hugo the Great, apprized of Bohemond's danger, abandoned the pursuit of the fugitives, and hastened back to support the reserve. The combat was renewed with fresh fury. Kilidj-Arslan, who had to avenge his former defeat at Dorislaus, and the loss of his states, fought like a lion at the head of his troops. A squadron of three thousand Saracen cavaliers, all bristling with steel, armed with ponderous maces, carried disorder and terror into the Christian ranks. The standard of the Count of Vermandois was taken and retaken, covered with the blood of crusaders and infidels. Godfrey and Tancred, who flew to the succor of Hugo and Bohemond, signalized their strength and prowess by the slaughter of numbers of the Mussulmans. But the Sultan of Nice, whom no reverses could daunt, still bore up stoutly against the shock of the Christians. When the battle was at its hottest, he ordered lighted firebrands to be thrown

among the heath and dry herbage that covered the plain. Soon a conflagration rose, which surrounded the Christians with whirlwinds of flame and smoke. For a moment their ranks were shaken; they no longer saw or heard their chiefs. Victory seemed on the point of slipping from the grasp of the crusaders, and Kilidj-Arslan already congratulated himself on the success of his stratagem.

Then, say the historians, a squadron was seen descending from the summits of the mountains, preceded by three knights clothed in white, and covered with dazzling armor. "Behold," cried the Bishop Adhemar, "the celestial aid which was promised you! Heaven declares for the Christians! The holy martyrs St. George, Demetrius, and Theodore, are come to combat along with us." Forthwith the eyes of all were turned upon the celestial squadron. New ardor filled the hearts of the crusaders, who were persuaded that God himself came to their aid; the war-cry, "Dieu le veut!" rose again as loudly as at first. The women and children, assembled on the walls of Antioch, by their cries stimulated the courage of the crusaders; the priests ran through the ranks with uplifted hands, thanking God for the succor which he sent to the Christian army. The charge again sounded along the line; every crusader becomes a hero; nothing can withstand their impetuous onset. In a moment the Saracen ranks are shaken; they no longer fight, but in disorder. In vain they strive to rally behind the bed of a torrent, and on a height, where their clarions and trumpets sound the assembly. The Count de Vermandois, quickly following up his success, assails them in their new position, and drives them from it in utter confusion. Broken and discomfited, they now only look for safety in flight. The banks of the Orontes, the woods, the plains, the mountains, are covered with fugitives flying in wild disorder, and abandoning arms and baggage to the conquerors.

Kerbogha made his escape to the Euphrates, escorted by a few faithful followers. Tancréd, and some others, mounting the steeds of the vanquished, pursued till nightfall the Sultans of Aleppo and Damascus, the Emir of Jerusalem, and the broken squadrons of the Saracens. The victorious crusaders set fire to the entrenchments behind which the Mussulman infantry had taken refuge, and great numbers of the infidels perished in the flames. Such was the battle of Antioch, in which the Saracens left 100,000 dead on the field, while the Christians lost only 4000.

When the danger was past, the holy lance began to lose its miraculous influence over the troops. It remained in the keeping of Raymond and his Provençals, and the offerings which it brought to them as its guardians soon excited the jealousy of the rest of the army. Doubts were raised as to its genuineness, and Arnauld and the Normans especially distinguished themselves by their vehement outcry against it. In vain miracles in its favor were got up by its supporters; nothing could silence its opponents, and discord rose to an alarming height in the army. At last Barthelemy, carried

away by his fanaticism and the applause of his adherents, announced his intention of submitting to the ordeal by fire. In a moment calm was restored in the camp. The pilgrims who followed the Christian army were invited to witness the ordeal, and the host of the crusaders ranged themselves in a circle round the place of trial. On the appointed day, (it was a Holy Friday,) a large pile of olive branches was raised in the middle of the vast plain. The flames already rose to a great height, when the spectators saw Barthelemy approach, accompanied by priests, who advanced in silence, barefoot, and clothed in their sacerdotal robes. Covered with a simple tunic, the priest of Marseilles carried the holy lance, decked with waving flaglets. When he had approached to within a few paces of the flaming pile, one of the principal clergy pronounced in a loud voice these words—"If this man has seen Jesus Christ face to face, and if St. Andrew has revealed to him the divine lance, let him pass uninjured through the flames; if, on the contrary, he has been guilty of falsehood, let him be consumed, with the lance which he carries in his hands." At these words all the assistants bowed, and replied together, "Let God's will be done!" Barthelemy threw himself on his knees, took Heaven to witness as to the truth of all he had said, and recommending himself to the prayers of the clergy, rushed amid the flaming pile, through which an opening of two feet had been left for his passage.

For a moment he was hid from sight amid the flames. Many pilgrims began to bewail him as lost, when they saw him reappear on the side opposite to that where he had entered. He was immediately surrounded by an eager crowd, who wished to touch his garments, and who exclaimed it was a miracle. But the object of their veneration had received mortal injury. He was borne dying into the tent of the Count of Toulouse, where he expired a few days after, protesting to the last his innocence and his veracity. He was buried on the spot where the pile had been raised. Raymond and the Provençals persisted in regarding him as an apostle and a martyr; but the great majority of the pilgrims acquiesced in the "judgment of God," and the holy lance, from that day forward, ceased to work miracles.

COMFORT FOR THE RICH.—When the time drew nigh that the oxy-hydrogen microscope should be shown, at the Newcastle Polytechnic Exhibition, one night last week, a poor old woman, whose riches will never retard her ascent to heaven, took her seat in the lecture-room to witness the wonders that were for the first time to meet her sight. A piece of lace was magnified into a salmon net, a flea was metamorphosed into an elephant, other marvels were performed before the venerable dame, who sat in astonishment, staring open-mouthed at the disk. But when, at length, a milliner's needle was transformed into a poplar tree, and confronted her with its huge eye, she could hold no longer. "My goodness," she exclaimed, "a camel *could* get through that! There's some hopes for the rich folks yet." —*Gateshead English Observer.*

From the Britannia.

Nasology; or Hints towards a Classification of Noses. By EDEN WARWICK.

WITH the exception of Sterne, who devotes one of his inimitable chapters to the subject, no one, we believe, has attempted to define the character by the structure of the nose. The notion is too comical and grotesque to find ready acceptance, yet every one who reads this witty essay will be strongly inclined to think there "is something in it." Real talent is always facile. Cowper took up the theme of the sofa as soon as it was suggested to him. The nose appeared still less likely to furnish materials for an amusing volume, yet the author has collected so much information on his subject, and has illustrated it with such an abundance of curious instances, witty remark, and philosophical reflection, that we hardly know whether to admire most his ingenuity or his humor.

Unfortunately this theory is not to be stated without exciting the most violent opposition to it from large classes of nose-proprietors condemned *en masse* by the writer. Not only does he depreciate the value, as property, of the leading feature of their face, but he maintains that the depreciation must extend to their thoughts, feelings, and conduct. We hope that the sin of the author will not be visited on our shoulders if we venture to transcribe his remarks. The snub and the turn-up noses form a numerous section of the community, and, therefore, as a prudent measure of precaution, we think it necessary to premise that, though possessed in an eminent degree of the nose cogitative, we are not favorable to

NOSE-CLASSIFICATION.

Class I.—The Roman, or aquiline, nose is rather convex but undulating, as its name aquiline imports. It is usually rugose and coarse; but when otherwise it approaches the Greek nose, and the character is materially altered.

It indicates great decision, considerable energy, firmness, absence of refinement, and disregard for the *bienséances* of life.

Class II.—The Greek, or straight, nose is perfectly straight; any deviation from the right line must be strictly noticed. If the deviation tend to convexity, it approaches the Roman nose, and the character is improved by an accession of energy; on the other hand, when the deviation is towards concavity, it partakes of the "celestial," and the character is weakened. It should be fine and well-chiselled, but not sharp.

It indicates refinement of character, love for the fine arts and *belles-lettres*, astuteness, craft, and a preference for indirect, rather than direct, action. Its owner is not without some energy in pursuit of that which is agreeable to his tastes; but, unlike the owner of the Roman nose, he cannot exert himself in opposition to his tastes. When associated with the Roman nose, and distended slightly at the end by the cogitative, it indicates the most useful and intellectual of characters; and is the highest and most beautiful form which the organ can assume.

Class III.—The cogitative, or wide-nostrilled, nose is, as its secondary name imports, wide at the

end, thick and broad; not clubbed, but gradually widening from below the bridge. The other noses are seen in profile, but this in full face.

It indicates a cogitative mind, having strong powers of thought, and given to close and serious meditation. Its indications are of course much dependent on the form of the nose in profile, which decides the turn the cogitative power will take. Of course, it never occurs alone; and is usually associated with classes I. and II., rarely with IV., still more seldom with V. and VI. The entire absence of it produces the "sharp" nose, which is not classified, as sharpness is only a negative quality, being the defect of breadth, and therefore indicates defect of cogitative power.

Class IV.—The Jewish, or hawk, nose is very convex, and preserves its convexity like a bow, throughout the whole length from the eyes to the tip. It is thin and sharp.

It indicates considerable shrewdness in worldly matters; a deep insight into character, and facility of turning that insight to profitable account.

Classes V. and VI.—The snub nose and the turn-up, *poeticè* celestial nose. The form of the former is sufficiently indicated by its name. The latter is distinguished by its presenting a continuous concavity from the eyes to the tip. It is converse in shape to the Jewish nose.

N. B. The celestial must not be confounded with a nose which, belonging to one of the other classes in the upper part terminates in a slight distension of the tip; for this, so far from prejudicing the character, rather adds to its warmth and activity.

We associate the snub and the celestial in nearly the same category, as they both indicate natural weakness, mean, disagreeable disposition, with petty insolence, and divers other characteristics of conscious weakness, which strongly assimilate them, (indeed, a true celestial nose is only a snub turned up;) while their general poverty of distinctive character makes it almost impossible to distinguish them. Nevertheless there is a difference between their indications; arising, however, rather from difference of intensity than of character. The celestial is, by virtue of its greater length, decidedly preferable to the snub; as it has all the above unfortunate propensities in a much less degree, and is not without some share of small shrewdness, and fox-like common sense; on which, however, it is apt to presume, and is, therefore, a more impudent nose than the snub.

One consolation, however, the author affords those who have the misfortune to possess a nose of one of the obnoxious classes. He writes a chapter to show how the nose snub or turn-up may in process of time be turned into the nose cogitative with equal benefit to the face and the character. The book has numerous portraits and drawings to establish the author's theory. The Roman nose receives prolific illustration from Roman medals, and from some great modern instances, Wellington among the rest. The portraits of Raffaele and Addison are given as striking examples of the Greek nose, and both possessed, in common with a list of other distinguished names given by the author, a feeling of the highest beauty and excellence, though not powers of the most intense and deepest thought. As for the nose cogitative, the illustrations commence with Homer, and are car-

ried on by Luther, Michael Angelo, Skakespeare, Cromwell, Johnson, Pitt, Fox, Burns, *cum multis aliis*. Adam Smith was one of the few eminent men who possessed a decided Jewish nose, but that is accounted for by his character.

"It was," says one of his admirers, "one of the few but greatest errors of Adam Smith, that he was too apt to consider man as a mere money-making animal, who will never hesitate to work provided he is well paid for it. He does not consider that the desire of power and esteem are more powerful principles than the desire of wealth."

The chapter on snubs is very short, as the writer can find no examples of intellectual greatness connected with that odious formation, and he says candidly that, after "contemplating the powerful Roman-nosed movers of the world's destinies, or the refined and elegant Greek-nosed arbiters of art, or the deep and serious-minded thinkers with cogitative noses, it must descend to the horrors bathos."

THE IMBECILE INANITY OF THE SNUB.

Perhaps the reader expects that we are going to be very funny on the subject of these noses. But we are not; far from it. A snub nose is to us a subject of most melancholy contemplation. We behold in it a proof of the degeneracy of the human race. We feel that such was not the shape of Adam's nose; that the original type has been departed from; that the depravity of man's heart has extended itself to his features, and that to parody Cowper's line, purloined, by the by, from Cowley:—

"God made the Roman, and man made the snub."

Fortunately for our hypothesis, and for our feelings, we cannot find a single instance of the existence of either the celestial or the snub among celebrated persons, except in those who are illustrious by courtesy rather than by their actions, and whom station, not worth, has made conspicuous. The following are the only instances of the celestial nose which our pictorial sources furnish:—

James I.

Richard Cromwell.

Mary, wife of William III.

George I.

Kosciusko.

Peculiar circumstances won Kosciusko somewhat of a name, for it was rather from sympathy with his cause than from admiration of his abilities that it was ever bruited in men's mouths, or is yet remembered. Had he been gifted with a Roman nose, that is, had his soul been Roman, energetic, dignified, and self-reliant, Poland might have risen again into the rank of nations. But he submitted to crouch beneath the rod of Napoleon, temporizing and treating for benefits for which it was his duty to have fought; and the nation, which looked to him for assistance, was compelled to share his degraded fate, and become the despised tool of an all-grasping despot. He had, however, a share of the cogitative with the celestial; and thus affords an instance of a union so rare, that it is only to be regarded as an exception to the rule laid down, that class III. is never associated with V. and VI.

From fictitious works, which have raised to celebrity imaginary characters of every mental calibre, innumerable examples might be adduced; for

all accurate observers, whether ancient or modern, have—without being professed nasologists—unconsciously verified our hypothesis, and associated the nose with character.

The inimitable Dickens, and his equally clever illustrator, Cruikshank, both of whom owe their power to their correct observation and delineation of character, afford many well-known examples. Had the hypothesis been founded on *Oliver Twist* and its illustrations, it could not have been more strikingly substantiated by them than it is—thus proving that, if we err, we err in company with observers of more than common accuracy, and whose observations have been verified by the applauses of all. In that work we have the shrewd penetrative Jew with his hawk-nose; the mild but high-minded *Oliver Twist* with his fine Greek nose; the Artful Dodger and his brother-pals with their characteristic snubs and celestials. A reference to the plates, and the author's pen-and-ink portraits, in this and other works, will confirm our right to claim Dickens as a nasologist.

We recommend the author's book to the Communists, and all other social regenerators, for, if there be any truth in it, the world's aristocracy should be formed of the favored classes of noses, and the snubs be made the helots of mankind!

From the Journal of Commerce.

REPUBLIC OF LIBERIA.

It is not one of the least striking and impressive signs of the times, that a republican government should, at this moment, be in full operation on the coast of Africa—the darkest part of the world. Africa has heretofore been a kind of mysterious land, chiefly known as a mart for the sale of men and women—a quarry of human flesh, to be worked by men in whose breasts conscience was a petrification, and humanity a blank. To the tribunal of infinite justice these enemies of their kind are finally responsible; for, whatever might have been the benevolence of Las Casas, or the philanthropic reasoning of Sir John Hawkins, it is certain that the *sacra fames auri*—the accursed lust of gold, has been the predominating principle which has actuated them. It is true, indeed, that along with these scenes of progressive guilt, a beneficent law of Providence has been operating, by which the highest good is often educed from the deepest and darkest evil; but not less flagrant is the criminality of those who dared to be the authors of that evil. All the priceless blessings which, in this land of their captivity, have met the descendants of the African captives, especially that crowning blessing, the Light of Life, would, but for their transportation hither, have been shut out from them. To see, as we have seen, a thousand black communicants stand up in the Church of God, and raise high their voices in praise of the true God, till the walls seemed almost to tremble with the energy of the echo—this would teach the most obtuse mind, that not in vain were even Africans cast upon this continent. If millions have, in the succession of centuries, been subjected to American bondage, hundreds of thousands have

been "redeemed" from sin, and made heirs of "the kingdom." The temporary sufferings of this mortal state are lighter than a feather when compared with such a reversion.

Nevertheless, the position of this fragmentary portion of the African race is a false one. Violence brought them here, and by violence has their captivity been perpetuated. Their position here seems to be a continual infraction of some law of Providence. Now if, in the physical world, there is for every poison a counteracting remedy, to be discovered and applied by the industry, ingenuity, and skill of men, so in the moral world we must believe there is an antidote for every bane; and it is the duty of man to find it. When the midnight of the middle ages had oppressed the human mind till it cried out for relief, the light of the *press*—a new sun in the moral firmament—dawned upon mankind; and, to this hour, has been augmenting its power and brightness. That light has even shone upon Africa. Think of a printing-press in Africa!

The want of commerce among the nations of the earth—a real evil when contemplated from the middle of the nineteenth century, was supplied by the discovery of the mariner's compass, the immense influence of which discovery is itself a study. The absurdity, equalled only by the effrontery of certain practices at the commencement of the sixteenth century, first provoked the spirit of reformation, which, rising with the exigencies of the times, gathered strength as it rose, and burst the shackles that had so long bound the noble powers of man. The destitution and misery of human beings in prisons and dungeons, first awoke the benevolent spirit of Howard, who went forth under the smile of Heaven, to "take the gauge and dimensions" of human suffering. The severity and oppression of a foreign government roused the spirit of resistance in the colonies, and a new nation sprang into being, with full powers of self-government, and with a charter that seems destined to cover, with its broad provisions, the wants and the rights of the human race.

So the enormities of the slave-trade cried aloud for redress. They found a response in gentle and generous bosoms. Public opinion has been progressive on this great subject to this hour. From the time that Finley conceived the idea of colonization, it has never slumbered. The star of hope stood, indeed, for a long time just above that horizon, but it is now in the ascendant. Liberia is a free and independent nation, and, unlike most of the nations of the earth, unstained with the blood of the slave. She has spread her banner to the breeze, inscribing on it, "*The love of liberty brought us here*," and under its folds millions shall find protection. Behold that land of the sun—so beautiful in its verdure—so abundant in its fertility—with scenery that might surpass the creations of romance itself, and a soil repaying a hundred fold the hand of culture; with golden fruits that might realize the fancies, even of an Arabian tale, and physical resources that are capable of chang-

ing the condition of the world; especially look upon those millions of *minds*, instinct with immortality, and yet to be excited to high and noble action. "*The love of liberty takes us there*," was inscribed on the white flag that floated from the mast-head of the last emigrant ship that left this country, sailing from Savannah with a hundred emigrants, while a crowd of admiring citizens looked on the scene. Will not every American citizen give something, in this month, to help other hundreds, that are waiting, to go to the land of promise?

EARLY ENCYCLOPÆDIAS.

THE difficulties which, before the invention of printing, the expense of copyists opposed to the assemblage of many separate manuscripts, produced in the middle ages, when after the thirteenth century the circle of ideas began to enlarge, a great predilection for encyclopædic works. These works are deserving of particular attention in this place, because they led to the generalization of views. There appeared in succession, one work being in great measure founded on its predecessors, the twenty books *De Rerum Natura* of Thomas Cantipratensis, Professor at Louvain in 1230; the *Mirror of Nature*, (*Speculum Naturale*), which Vincent of Beauvais (*Bellovacensis*) wrote for St. Lewis and his consort Margaret of Provence in 1250; the "*Book of Nature*" of Conrad of Meygenberg, a priest at Regensburg in 1349; and the "*Picture of the World*," (*Imago Mundi*), of Cardinal Petrus de Alliaco, Bishop of Cambray, in 1410. These encyclopædias were the precursors of the great *Margarita Philosophica* of Father Reisch; the first edition of which appeared in 1486, and which for half a century promoted in a remarkable manner the extension of knowledge. We must here dwell a little more particularly on the *Imago Mundi* of Cardinal Alliaco, (*Pierre d'Ailly*.) I have shown elsewhere that this work was more influential on the discovery of America than was the correspondence with the learned Florentine Toscanelli. All that Columbus knew of Greek and Roman writers, all the passages of Aristotle, Strabo, and Seneca, on the nearness of Eastern Asia to the Pillars of Hercules, which, as his son Don Fernando tells us, were what principally incited his father to the discovery of Indian lands, ("*autoridad de los escritores para mover al Almirante a' descubrir las Indias*,") were derived by the admiral from the writings of Alliaco. Columbus carried these writings with him on his voyages; for, in a letter written to the Spanish monarchs in October, 1498, from Hayti, he translates word for word a passage from the cardinal's treatise, *De Quantitate Terræ Habitabilis*, by which he had been profoundly impressed. He probably did not know that Alliaco had on his part transcribed, word for word from another earlier book, Roger Bacon's *Opus Majus*. Singular period, when a mixture of testimonies from Aristotle and Averroes, (*Avenryz*), Esdras

and Seneca, on the small extent of the ocean compared with the magnitude of continental land, afforded to monarchs guarantees for the safety and expediency of costly enterprises!—*Cosmos*.

From the Editorial Correspondence of the Picayune.

GENERAL TAYLOR IN PARIS.

Paris, May 8, 1818.

I did not think of it until I had written the date of this letter, but this is the anniversary of the battle of Palo Alto, and of the first victory our arms gained over the exceedingly "great and magnanimous" Mexican nation—over the valiant descendants of Hidalgo, Morelos, and what not. Two years ago to-day, General Taylor gave Arista a taste of his stubborn will and obstinate courage, while the gallant Duncan was, at the same time, learning him severe lessons in the science of light artillery. Two years ago this day, your humble servant was among decidedly the most uncivilized people of the New World—high up on the Brazos of Texas, among Camanches, Ionies, Kickapoos, and other tribes assembled at the treaty, held by the lamented Colonel Butler. To-day he is on the Boulevards, and among a people holding themselves the most civilized of the Old World. Well, there is a deal of difference between the post oak woods around the Camanche Peak, and the Champs Elysées of Paris; between the wild dances of the Tonkowsays, held by moon-light, and the refined quadrilles of the glaring, gas-lit saloons of this gay city; between the rough fare of border life, and the rare viands of the restaurants—a deal of difference, that is certain. But were I not liable to be set down as the veriest "outside barbarian," I might say that I have slept just as soundly, while rolled up in a blanket on the prairie, as in the downiest couch French ingenuity has invented; have ate just as heartily off a plain piece of beef, roasted on a stick before an out-door fire, as though the beef were served on the finest porcelain, and converted into a *filet aux truffes*; have been just as much excited by the wild ball plays and horse-races of the untutored savages of the forests and the plains, as by the more scientific pastimes and performances of the denizens of the civilized cities of Europe. All this, however, has nothing to do with the battle of Palo Alto—a glorious victory I intend quietly celebrating this afternoon, by drinking health and long life to General Taylor, and to those gallant spirits who, under him, achieved it.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT NIAGARA FALLS.—It is contemplated to have the foot bridge at the Falls ready for crossing on the fourth of July. This will be a great curiosity, and many will avail themselves of the adventure. The following is to be the composition of the railroad bridge.

Number of cables for bridges,	16
Number of strands in each cable,	600
Ultimate tension,	6,500 tons.
Capacity of the bridge,	500 "
Number of strands in the ferry cable,	37
Diameter of the cable,	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Height of stone tower,	68 ft. 1 in.
Height of wood tower for ferry,	50 ft.
Base of the tower,	20 sq. ft.
Size at the top,	11 "
Span of the bridge,	800 ft.
Whole weight of the bridge,	650 tons.

Height from the water,	230 ft.
Depth of water under the bridge,	250 ft.

This Suspension Bridge is the most sublime work of art on the continent. It makes the head dizzy to look at it, and yet it is traversed with as much security as any other bridge of the same width. We were present while the workmen were engaged in hanging the planks over the fearful chasm. It looked like a work of peril; but it was prosecuted with entire safety. Not an accident has happened since the first cord was carried across the river at the tail of a kite.

It is impossible to give the reader a clear idea of the grandeur of the work. Imagine a foot bridge 800 feet in length, hung in the air, at the height of 230 feet, over a vast body of water rushing through a narrow gorge, at the rate of thirty miles an hour. If you are below it, it looks like a strip of paper, suspended by a cobweb. When the wind is strong, the frail, gossamer looking structure, sways to and fro, as if ready to start from its fastenings; and it shakes from extremity to centre under the firm tread of the pedestrian. But there is no danger. Men pass over it with perfect safety, while the head of the timid looker on swims with apprehension.

We saw the first person pass over it—Mr. Ellet, the builder. His courageous wife soon followed him, and for two days, hundreds, attracted by the novelty of the thing, took the fearful journey.

It is worth a trip to the Falls to see this great work, although it is not probable that one in twenty will have the nerve to cross upon it. For strange as it may seem, there were those who had no hesitation to slide over the awful chasm, in a basket upon a single wire cable, who could not be induced to walk over the bridge. And this aerial excursion is thrillingly exciting. A seat on a locomotive, travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, is nothing to it. When you find yourself suspended in the air, with the roaring, rushing, boiling Niagara two hundred and fifty feet below you, if your heart don't flutter you will have nerve enough to swing over Vesuvius.

And yet the sensation is not altogether unpleasant. The ride itself, as the old lady said about skinning eels, "is nothing when you get used to it."—*Rochester Democrat*.

THRILLING SCENE AT NIAGARA FALLS.—During a severe gale of wind on Monday afternoon, the suspension bridge was for a long time in jeopardy. In consequence of its unfinished state, the fastening not being all in its place, the foot bridge was made to vibrate until one section of the cables slipped off the saddle, which caused the planking to turn up edgewise. One man only was at this part of the bridge when the wind struck it; he had reached within a few feet of the shore, when a flying section of the unfinished foot bridge struck him, knocking him from his position, but he was so near that two men caught him, and prevented him from being precipitated into the fearful gulf! He was but just saved, yet not injured. The second foot bridge, which was planked half way across the river, was broken near the shore, and a section of forty feet carried away, leaving four men vibrating over the gulf full sixty feet, holding on to whatever presented itself, until the storm was past. They were then relieved by the basket and ladder. They seemed little worse for wear, and by night had all in place ready again for foot passengers.

"Go power,

I would
Thoug

A DAY-DREAM.

THERE are bright and happy hours
In this dwelling-place of tears,
Sunny gleams between the showers,
Merry birds and smiling flowers,
Hopes that conquer fears.

There are many sweets that mingle
In the cup of mortal sadness,
Fairy bells that softly tingle,
By woodland way and forest dingle,
Moving hearts to gladness.

There are fairer, brighter things
Starlike gem the path of life :
Sympathy that ever brings
Friendship on its dove-like wings ;
Faithful love till death that clings ;
Peace, the sleep of strife.

Thus I mused one soft spring morn,
While, her clear soprano ringing,
A sweet nightingale was singing
From her seat in the old thorn.
Then, methought that at my side,
Harshly thus a voice replied—
"Dreamer, as you name each blessing,
With your gaze upon the sky
Wrapped in a fool's fantasy,
Tell me which art thou possessing."
And at these strange words I wondered,
But the bird was singing still,
And an echo from the hill
Seemed to ask me why I pondered.
Then I answered musingly,
"Love, the urchin, ever roving
To and fro, still passes by,
Glancing with a roguish eye,
Leaving me unloved, unloving.
Better so, for love," I said,
"Flashes like a meteor gleam ;
And realities but seem
Harsher by the light it shed.
I have many a loving friend ;
With their pleasant voices near me,
And their sympathy to cheer me,
I will wear life to its end.
And when death has had his will,
Sparkling eyes for me will weep,
Loyal hearts a corner keep,
For our friendship's memory still."

Sharpe's Magazine.

From the Churchman.

THESE THREE.

"God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."—2 Tim. i. 7.

I would not be all body,
And I would not be all mind,
Yet 'tis hard to keep in order
Such opposites combined.
I would not be all mind,
Nor would I be all heart,
Yet they quarrel with each other,
And they cannot live apart.
I would not be all body, all mind, nor all heart,
Though they work not well together, yet they can
not live apart.

I would not be all faith,
Nor would I be all love,
Like a watch without a spring
The indexes to move.
I would not be all love,
And all hope I would not be,
Like a watch without a dial,
To tell the hour to me.
All faith, or all hope, or all love, I would not be,
Though we know that far the greatest, is love of
these three.

Give me faith for this poor mind,
Give me love for this weak heart,
Give me hope for this dull body,
And, my friend! we'll make a start—
No more need to live apart.
If for peace thou art inclined,
There is three-fold grace to bless thee,
O! my body, heart, and mind.
Only believe, and there's a promise, "who seek
shall find;"
Even grace to keep thee blameless, thou body,
heart and mind! I. C. M.

From the Churchman.

COME, sacred song, thy heaven of joy spread o'er
me,

Thy golden-pinioned choir bring in thy train ;
The keen delights that throng thy path restore me ;
I will not fright thee from my side again.

Come at the morning hour, when life is gushing
Afresh from the great *Fount* of life above ;
Its anthem let me hear, earth's sorrows hushing,
Turning my fevered soul to heaven's pure love.

Oh come! and breathe but one sweet strain of
gladness,

To cheer my wearied spirit on its way ;
Some *wandering air* of seraph's lyre, where sad-
ness

No undertone can mingle with its lay.

Or let me hear that flood of music, pouring
Like the deep voice of thousand oceans' flow ;
From the great multitude of saints adoring
In heaven's high court, and in the church below.

Or let me hear thee, at the altar kneeling,
As when He sung of old that "hymn" divine ;
To loving hearts eternal joys revealing
Where mortal forms, in robes immortal shine.

My spirit lives upon thy heavenly numbers,
And I companion of thy way would be ;
Where thy pure beams illumine the infant's slum-
bers,
Or the high places of eternity.

Come, sacred song, at the cool hour of even,
Thy strains of joy pour on its sacred rest ;
Let my repose in life and death, like heaven,
All blissful be with anthems of the blest.

Come at the silent hour of night, and bear me
To your pure world where discords never come ;
Tune my dark soul, exalt, refine, prepare me
To sing with Thee in Thy celestial home.

CONTENTS OF No. 220.

1. Catlin's Notes in Europe,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	193
2. New Edition of Pepys' Diary and Correspondence,	<i>Examiner</i> ,	195
3. Daunt's Personal Recollections of O'Connell,	"	200
4. Miss Bremer's Brothers and Sisters,	"	205
5. Fortunes of some German Emigrants,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	207
6. Miss Martineau's Eastern Life,	"	209
7. Carey's Past, Present and Future,	"	212
8. Account of the Skerryvore Light House,	"	215
9. Dr. Ormerod on Continued Fever,	"	218
10. The West Indies—future prospects; agitation,	<i>Examiner</i> ,	219—221
11. Man for the Times,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	225
12. Lamartine and the Republic,	<i>Examiner</i> ,	226
13. Slavonic Nationality,	"	228
14. Bush Life in Australia,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	229
15. The Holy Lance,	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> ,	232
16. A Classification of Noses,	<i>Britannia</i> ,	235
17. Republic of Liberia,	<i>Journal of Commerce</i> ,	236

SHORT ARTICLES.—Colonies, 222.—English Law; State Dressmaking, 223.—Distress among the Royal classes, 224.—Cold in Hudson's Bay, 231.—Comfort for the Rich, 234.—Early Encyclopedias, 237.—Gen. Taylor in Paris; Bridge at Niagara, 238.

POETRY: Hope, 228.—Stanzas on the late Revolutions, 231.—A Day Dream; These Three; Come sacred song, 239.

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WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS